

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1844.

Original.

A MOTHER'S FIRST DUTY.

BY THE EDITOR.

ARE your children baptized? We hold it to be your *first* duty to bring them to Christ. Till this is done, you are a violator of the divine precept, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. If children are the proper subjects of Christian baptism, doubtless we are correct. That point we will briefly argue, and leave you to settle the matter with your own conscience and the Head of the Church.

The subjects of baptism are plainly indicated in the New Testament. "All nations," and "every creature," are the two phrases designating these subjects. These phrases, it will be perceived, are of *great*, and, indeed, of universal extension. They include every thing that hath the form and the attributes of humanity.

But great efforts are made to narrow them down to a portion of the human family. We shall, for the sake of an immediate approach to a point of so great interest, lay down the following proposition:

The commission warrants the ministers of Christ to baptize, as well as to teach, men, women, and children. From the language of the commission, by which the ministers of Christ are directed to bestow the ordinance upon "all nations," and upon "every creature," one would think it impossible to question this proposition. And yet it is questioned; and they who embrace in "the nations" little children, are deemed, by some true Christians, derelict in doctrine and in practice. As men and women are admitted by all to be embraced in the commission, we shall not speak of them, but will proceed to consider the claims of *children* to the sacrament of baptism.

I. We urge their claims from Matthew xxviii, 19, 20: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." It has been objected to infant baptism, that in this text the disciples are commanded to *teach* all nations, and *then* to baptize them; and as infants cannot be *taught*, they *must* not be baptized. This difficulty is easily disposed of. Whoever will obtain a Bible with

marginal translations, or philological notes on the common translation, will find that the text reads thus: "Go ye, therefore, and *disciple* all nations, baptizing them," &c. This is the correct rendering from the Greek. The English reader, who finds the verb "teach" before baptize, and the participle "teaching" immediately after it, would conclude that the same word was used in the Greek Testament in both places. This, however, is not the case. Go ye, therefore, and μαθητεύσατε, "*disciple*," or "*initiate as pupils*," all nations, baptizing, &c.; then διδάσκοντες, teaching, (not μαθητεύοντες, as it would have been, if the same thing was to be done after as before baptizing them; but διδάσκοντες, *teaching them*.) The word improperly rendered "teach," in the first part of the text, means to admit as a pupil; that in the middle of the text means to *instruct* the pupil thus admitted. How exactly is this direction suited to the condition of infancy! Go and disciple them—μαθητεύσατε—put them into Christ's school; then διδάσκοντες, teaching them the *science* of that school; that is, as their minds open and enlarge, occupy them with the truths of the Gospel, and give every rising thought, as far as possible, an inclination toward the cross. No language could be invented, better suited to convey the impression that children are the objects of the apostolic commission, are to be initiated as pupils by baptism, and then *be taught* the lessons of *Christ's school*. If the term "nations" does not embrace children, we would ask what generic term in the language does embrace them?

Another text, in Mark xvi, 15, 16, is equally comprehensive. It embraces "*every creature*." As to the objection so often raised by the opponents of infant baptism, that inasmuch as infants cannot believe they must not be baptized, there is this to be observed—the language does not propose faith as a condition of baptism, but it proposes faith and baptism as two conditions of salvation. Analyze the proposition, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Here is not a *series* of conditions and promises. It is *one promise*, with *two conditions*. The text does not read, "He that believeth shall be baptized, and he that is baptized shall be saved."

To illustrate the independence of baptism, as it regards faith, suppose a teacher should say to his pupil, "Get a lesson in geography and a lesson in arithmetic, and you shall have a medal." The medal would depend on *both lessons*, but the lesson

in arithmetic would not depend on that in geography. Nor need the child get the lesson in geography first, because it happens to be mentioned first. Now faith and baptism are to salvation what the two lessons are to the medal. You may say that baptism, then, as well as faith, is essential to salvation. I answer, he who denies infant baptism is accountable for that. They *are* necessary to salvation on *his* principles, not on mine. His principles, carried out, will send all that die in infancy to hell; but mine will not. Mine will admit them to heaven, and, of course, will admit them to baptism; but his excludes them from baptism, and *much more—from heaven*. If he shrinks from the inevitable consequences of his own principles, and says, "These words mean that the *adult* only must believe in order to be saved," I rejoin, these words mean that the *adult only* must believe in order to be baptized. And he must not use this text to guard the font of baptism against little children, unless he will use it, also, to guard *heaven* against little children. If it shuts them out of any thing, it certainly is heaven. What! when one speaks of *baptizing* infants, shall I seize this text with polemic greediness, and forbid him, because the child has not faith? And again, when he talks of children being damned for want of faith, shall I reject this text as the greedy do a scalding mouthful, and insist that it has "*nothing to do with infants?*"

"We all agree to call it freedom when ourselves are free."

Surely, you may perceive, without any severe study, that if these words subject any person, young or old, believing or unbelieving, to any loss, it is the loss of salvation much more than of baptism. The pupil might get his lesson in arithmetic without getting his lesson in geography; but without both lessons he could not receive the medal. So in regard to this text, (and we now speak of this without reference to other Scriptures,) an infant might be *baptized* without faith, even though he could not be *saved* without it. How much more may the infant be baptized without faith, when without faith all agree that it *may* be saved. And here I have the best opportunity which my brief compass will afford, to apply the principle contained in this text, and its exposition, to many portions of Scripture. The principle is this: *Faith is a Scriptural condition of baptism, and of salvation, in all adults—in all who are capable of believing; but it is no condition of either baptism or salvation in infants, who are incapable of believing*. Take this principle along with you, and apply it to any example in the New Testament, and it will clear up all objections to infant baptism. For example, Philip said to the Eunuch who sought baptism, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." To whom did he say this? To an *adult*. And because he was an adult, and was capable of believing, he

could say no less, according to the principle which we have laid down. But would you infer from this that infants *may not* be baptized, because they *cannot* believe? Then consider another case, and see how you will maintain consistency. On a certain occasion, the jailor who had kept Paul and Silas, being roused by an earthquake, fell down before them and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" They answered, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Now, would you infer from this that *infants* must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved? If you urge the objection to infant baptism in the former case, you must admit the objection to infant salvation in the latter case.

These examples serve to illustrate the satisfactory result of applying the principle laid down above; namely, that "faith is a condition of baptism, and of salvation, in adults; but is not a condition of either baptism or salvation in infants." Now, as "*all nations*," and "*every creature*," are the terms which denote the objects of the apostolic commission, you must find some language in Holy Writ to *exclude* infants specifically, or you are bound to consider them as embraced in that commission. Who ever heard it questioned, that infants were a part of the nation to which they belonged? Did not God consider them a part of Nineveh, when, mostly on their account, he spared the *whole nation*? Were they not considered a part of Israel, when God entered into covenant with that people in the land of Moab? "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord your God; your captains of your tribes, your elders, and your officers, with all the men of Israel, your little ones, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood, unto the drawer of thy water: that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day," Deuteronomy xxix, 10, 11, 12.

2. This leads us to argue the validity of infant baptism, from the fact that, in all the leading covenants made with mankind, *infants were embraced, and shared in all the benefits of those covenants*.*

The first covenant was with Adam in his state of innocence. It secured to him and to his posterity the divine blessing, on condition of obedience. We find the blessing recorded in the first chapter of Genesis: "And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This, with the subsequent prohibition as a condition of *retaining* the blessing, formed a

* See Dick's Theology and Watson's Institutes.

covenant between Adam and his Creator. That covenant had a seal, or sacrament; namely, the *fruit of the tree of life*. This was consecrated, by the will of God, to some very sacred use. It was not like the other trees of the garden, for the common purpose of refection. That it was sacramental, we learn from the fact that it was too pure and excellent for the profane to approach and feed upon; therefore, after their fall the sinning pair were driven from the garden, lest they should partake of its fruit, and *live for ever*.

A *second covenant* was made with Noah *before* the building of the ark: "But with thee will I establish my covenant: and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee," Genesis vi, 18. And the ark itself, which Noah built by the direction of God, seems to have had a sacramental import, and to have been the seal of this covenant. (See 1 Peter iii, 20, 21, 22.)

Another covenant was made with Noah after the flood, and its sacrament was the *rainbow*. It pledged security from a second deluge. To this very day that covenant is of binding force; and to this very day nature, in one of her aspects, is a holy sacrament for the eye to feast upon. Never should we gaze at that celestial sign, but we should view it, not merely as the most beautiful phenomenon in nature, but also as a perpetual seal of the bond which secures to us an immunity from the horrors of a universal deluge.

The next was the covenant made with Abraham, which was a covenant of grace—the very covenant under which we live, and by which we receive all the blessings of the grace of Jesus. The sacrament of this covenant was circumcision.

The next covenant which we shall mention, is that which spared the first-born of Israel, when the angel of death passed through the land and slew all the first-born of Egypt. Its sacrament was the Passover.

And now, to go no farther, from which of these covenants were children excluded, and which of their seals or sacraments was not designed for them? If Adam had remained obedient in Paradise, would his children have been excluded from the sacramental tree of life? Were the children of Noah excluded from the ark, and from the benefits of the covenant? They were admitted for Noah's faith. "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all *thy house* into the ark: for *thee have I seen righteous* before me." Were the children of Abraham excluded from the covenant of grace, and from the sacrament of circumcision? "This is my covenant, which ye shall keep, between me and you, and thy seed after thee; *every* man-child among you shall be circumcised," Genesis xvii, 10. Were the children of the Israelites

excluded from the Passover? Certainly not. So far from this, that every child who was of sufficient age to partake of food was compelled to observe the Passover. This was the command of God: "Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses: for whosoever eateth that which is leavened, even that soul shall be cut off from the congregation. In all your habitations shall ye eat unleavened bread. And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to thee and *thy sons* for ever."

But we invite your attention more particularly to the passage already referred to: "Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord; your captains, elders, and officers, with all the men of Israel, your *little ones*, your wives, and thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood, unto the drawer of thy water: that thou shouldest enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day: that he may be unto thee a God. Neither with you only do I make this covenant and this oath; but with him [*children as well others*] that standeth here with us this day before the Lord our God," Deuteronomy xxix, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Whatever men may say, one thing is conclusively proven by the history of God's covenants with mankind; namely, that infants can stand in a covenant relation to God *by the act of their parents*. In the last instance they did assume such a relation; for the fact is unequivocally asserted by God himself. So also in regard to the Abrahamic covenant, God commands that the seal of the covenant shall be imposed on the infant at eight days old. If the circumcised infant could not be a party to the covenant, this was as improper as it would be to write a deed on one sheet of paper, and in executing it, affix the authenticating seal to a different and to a blank sheet of paper. Or, to change the illustration, it was like drawing up a covenant between A. and B., whose names are inserted in the instrument, and then, in executing it, using the name of F., who is not a party to the covenant.

Would it be proper to use the royal seal of France on parchment which records a treaty between the United States and the Russian Autocrat? No more proper would it have been to put the seal of the covenant with Abraham upon the children of the family, when these children were not parties to the covenant.

Circumcision was the seal of a covenant which was fundamentally and essentially *our* covenant—the covenant of grace. This is positively affirmed by Paul, in Romans xi, 17-24: "And if some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-tree; boast not against the branches. But if thou

boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee. Thou wilt then say, The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in. Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear. For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he also spare not thee. Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off. And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again. For if thou wert cut out of the olive-tree which is wild by nature, and wert grafted contrary to nature into a good olive-tree; how much more shall these, which be the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive-tree?" What could more strikingly exhibit the unity of the Church, and the identity of its covenants, from Abraham to the times of the apostle! The Abrahamic and Christian covenants are *one olive-tree*. The falling away of the Jews is the excision of a branch from that tree, and the conversion of the Gentiles is engrafting them into the same stock, from which the Jews were broken off. The Church and its covenants are *one* in the days of Abraham and of Christ; and as in the days of Abraham, so in the days of Christ and his apostles, children are to be brought within the purview of that covenant by the imposition of the sacramental seal; namely, circumcision then, and baptism now.

But if the identity of the Abrahamic and Christian covenants be denied, it matters not. Infant baptism even then stands on an immovable foundation. If the Christian covenant be a new covenant, differing ever so much from the Abrahamic, it contains the same provision in regard to children as did the Abrahamic. In proof of this, consider the language and behavior of Jesus toward children.

He declares them to be members of the Church. "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them," Mark x, 13, 14, 15, 16. "*For of such is the kingdom of God.*" The kingdom of God, among the Jews, meant the Church on earth, or the Church in heaven. If Christ meant the Church in heaven, that was no reason why he should say, "*Let them come unto me;*" for it implied no attraction in their *present* character, that they amongst them who died in infancy, or were converted in old age, would

occupy seats in heaven. No. He meant that the Church on *earth* was composed of *little children*. The children which he then took in his arms bore in their bodies the token of his covenant. They were the children of the promise made to Abraham. The language, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," must have been remarked by all, as implying that the kingdom of heaven is composed exclusively of children. Now this is not the case with the beatific heaven. But it was a declaration which assorted most perfectly with the kingdom or Church on earth in our Savior's day. Then the subjects of that kingdom all assumed their citizenship in it by circumcision at eight days old. None of the children of Israel could defer their token of fealty later than this. To do so was fatal, and excluded them from the congregation of God's people.

Now, in saying, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," he does not mean that all in the Church *are* infants, but he means that all *were* infants at their entrance *into* the kingdom of heaven. He refers to their initiation, which always (except in some few instances of proselytism) occurred in *their infancy*. As if the husbandman should say to his servants, take care of the tender blades; for of such is the harvest; or as if the gardener should say, guard and train the young shoots of the nursery; for of such are the fruits of the orchard. In the Church were none but such as had taken their membership therein during their earliest infancy; and infancy, therefore, was the *hope* of the Church. Well, then, might Jesus rebuke those who proposed to shut out these infant disciples from his notice, and veil these budding honors of his vineyard from his eyes. Well might he say, "Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." So far as I have read, this is a novel exposition of this passage; but it is certainly the most natural exposition; and strong reasons must be urged to set it aside.

Now recollect that when Jesus uttered these words, and claimed for these circumcised children the immunities of the Church or kingdom of God, whatever in the Abrahamic covenant was (as some will affirm) contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Christian covenant, had passed away. John, the forerunner of Christ, had accomplished his work, and the kingdom of Immanuel was then being set up. If the dispensations *essentially* differed, the Abrahamic was expiring, and the Christian was assuming its place. Yet, just then, to his own disciples, who were to follow his words and example in their future ministry, he most solemnly, and in opposition to their apparent wishes, confirms the membership of little children in the Church. He rebukes their unadvised interposition, takes the children in his arms, and laying his

hands on them pronounces the blessings of the covenant sealed by circumcision, upon these infant disciples.

Turn now to these very disciples, who, in regard to children, and the treatment they were to experience under the regimen of the Gospel, had received a lesson which they were most unlikely ever to forget. The vivid recollection of Christ's displeasure, when they rebuked the parents who brought their children to Jesus, would be likely to remain with them for ever. If Peter, that rash man, who was so apt to commit indiscretions, was the offending disciple, as is probable, he would remember an occurrence which had so displeased his Lord, and he would remember, too, the saying of Jesus after the resurrection, "Feed my sheep," and "feed my *lambs*." Let us go forward, then, to the day of Pentecost, when Peter preached his first sermon, and see if there are any indications that these circumstances dwelt upon his mind. Should an immersionist, as has been the case, discover his error concerning children, and find that, like Peter, he had been laboring to keep them away from Christ, when Christ himself was striving to call them to him, he would make amends by preaching infant baptism in every sermon. So does Peter. The very first sermon contains provision not only for the sheep, but for the lambs: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, [here is food for the sheep,] and to *your children*," [this is for the lambs.] Perhaps, at that moment, the scene recorded in Mark was before him. In his mind's eye he saw Jesus hold the infant disciples in his arms, and with the authority of Godhead vindicate their claim to the covenant by which the Church had its very being. If you will substitute covenant for promise, and seed for children, in this language of Peter, you will have the declaration of an inspired apostle concerning Abraham and his children: "The covenant was to Abraham, and to his seed." So under the preaching of Peter: "The covenant is to you, and to your seed." For covenant and promise, as well as children and seed, mean the same things.

Now consider that God directed the seal of circumcision to be extended to infants, because the *covenant* extended to them. The seal and the covenant must be co-extensive; and, as the covenant was to Abraham and his seed, both must be circumcised. But, under the Gospel, Peter declares, "The covenant is [still] to you, and to your seed." What, then, would be the inference? If the Gospel *covenant* is to our children, (would the Jew say,) then the Gospel seal (baptism) is to our children also; *for where is the validity of a covenant without a*

seal? And who would ever think of inserting the name of a person in the body of a covenant as one of its parties, and then refuse that person's seal in executing the instrument. That baptism is the Christian circumcision, i. e., performs the same sealing office in the covenant of grace now as circumcision did formerly, is plain from the language of Paul in Colossians ii, 11, 12: "In whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ: buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead." Here baptism is expressly called the circumcision of Christ; i. e., the circumcision instituted by Christ.

And now, if, as we have seen, the commission given by Jesus to his disciples embraces all nations, and every (human) creature—if infants are capable of sustaining a covenant relation to God, by the act of their parents—if they *have been* embraced in every leading covenant which God has made with mankind—if the seals of these covenants have always been put upon them—if Jesus Christ pronounced them members of the Church, what presumption is it in mortals to shut the door of the Church, which he left so wide open, saying, "Suffer them to come unto me!" Do they who take on themselves this responsibility imagine that they will succeed? When the millennium shall come, and all nations shall be gathered in—when all the ends of the earth shall turn to the Lord, and all shall know him from the least unto the greatest—when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, then will infants alone be excluded from the visible kingdom of God? Without baptism they *must* be excluded. None can enter that kingdom without being born of water as well as of the Spirit. And while all the *world* is admitted, shall the innocency of childhood be excluded? Shall *all* be permitted to approach the tree of life—shall all be permitted to survey, with holy exhilaration, the splendors of that goodly scene—shall all be the seed of the promise, and the circumcised of the Lord, except little children? Was it left to the Gospel alone—that Gospel which was intended to be the most expanded covenant of God with man—that Gospel which was intended to break over the contracted bounds of all former covenants, and embrace a world—was it left to this *Gospel of mercy* to do what none of the partial and exclusive covenants had ever done before; namely, shut out from its purview and sacraments the sinless portion of our race—those that were *unfortunate*, but not actually *guilty*—those whose *natures* are defiled, but whose wills have not transgressed?

Is it true that the good news announced at the advent, embraced the disfranchisement of helpless and suffering infancy, which, till then, had been embraced in every covenant of mercy? Is it true that the star of Bethlehem stood over where Immanuel was, to warn the nations that the slumbering babe whose birth had just awakened the jubilee of the universe, (like the dragon which drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and cast them down to the earth,) was about to sweep from the spheres, where the God of Abraham had placed them, constellations upon which at that moment his own infant glory shed a new and unfading lustre? Blessed Jesus! thou who hast sanctified infancy by passing through all its stages, and assuming all its weaknesses and prerogatives, have mercy on those who would select the objects of thine unconditional complacency, as the only beings in this redeemed world who may not share in thy covenanted smiles—who may not claim those exceeding great and precious promises, which were intended as crowning tokens of thy universal and everlasting love!



Original.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BENEATH the snow-white robe of yonder mount,
Whose head on many a pillowed cloud reclines,
A limpid stream—a pure perennial fount—
With trackless path and noiseless step declines.
A power innate propels its onward course:
At first its trickling drops with slowness move,
Till, every step more distant from its source,
Its murmuring, foaming, dashing waters rove.
From height to height, o'er rock and craggy steep,
The impetuous stream its headlong course maintains,
Till on some fertile plain its billows sleep,
Where Flora dwells, or golden Ceres reigns.
Thenceforth, beneath their kind, benignant smiles,
Its peaceful waters slowly glide along,
Till, mingled with the boundless ocean's spoils,
The mountain stream is lost amid the throng!

How fit an emblem of the human soul—
Bright emanation of the Eternal Mind—
Whose years shall through unending ages roll,
Whose powers are varied, free, and unconfined.
The earliest ray which marks its dawning life
Beholds it wandering from its heavenly source;
While ruling sin with truth maintains a strife,
And drives it madly in its downward course.
But when, by grace, th' impetuous stream is staid,
How calm and peaceful its waters move,
Till mingled, lost, amid those blissful waves—
The boundless ocean of Eternal Love.

G. W.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY CLEVELAND COX.

We are not surprised that a church deserted and in ruins should attract the attention of the traveler, and furnish a theme for the poet. It must be a melancholy spectacle to angels and men.—ED. REPOSITORY.

THERE it stands, the old church, on the common alone,

With the moss and the lichen grown gray;
Its roof is all sunken, its doors are broke down,
And in "window'd raggedness" dark seems its frown
On each mortal, who chanceth this way.

Like a skeleton bare, in the moon's silver ray,
That old building stands out 'mongst the dead;
And the trav'ler in passing, stops short on his way,
Gazing up at that picture of ghastly decay—
Whence every thing living hath fled.

There was joy in heaven, and rejoicing on earth,
When the stone of that corner was laid;
"The wilderness bloom'd like the rose at its birth,"
It brought the "glad tidings of peace" to each hearth—
For it gather'd the flock which had stray'd.

Let us enter that ruin, and stroll down its aisles,
Let us muse on its glory o'erthrown—
See, the walls are distained by the scrawls of the vile,
And hands, sacrilegious, have plunder'd the pile—
And its pavement with grass is o'ergrown.

Yet once it was glorious—its aspect was grand—
And as smooth as the velvet its green,
Which was trod by the great and the gay of this land,
Whose grave-stones in ruins around it now stand,
Like their spectres, still haunting the scene.

It was here that in grandeur and wealth they once roll'd,
And that beauty enchanted the eye,
When bedeck'd with her jewels, and glitt'ring with gold,
She stepp'd from her chariot, all bright to behold,
And her bosom with pride beating high.

What a change since that time!—how their riches have flown,
Scarce a name on their tomb can be found;
For Old Time hath unchisel'd the letters of stone,
And the slabs are all green with the moss o'ergrown,
And half buried they lie in the ground.

Thou art ruined, old fane! yes, the arrow hath sped,
And the iron hath enter'd, indeed;
Yet thousands; yea, thousands, have risen in thy stead;
Thy glory is vanished, but thy spirit not fled,
For "the blood of the martyrs is seed."

Original.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY MRS. M'CABE.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul—'tis the voice of years gone by—they roll before me with all their deeds."—
OSSIAN.

It is the quiet midnight hour. Silence reigns within, and nothing breaks upon the stillness without save the hollow murmurings of the wintry wind. An hour like this, of hushed and breathing solitude, how peculiarly impressive! But, hark! It now becomes still more impressive, as yonder bell, with solemn chime, breaks upon the silence, and tells, not the flight of an immortal spirit to invisible realms, but of time departed—of another period of accountability having been sealed up for final adjustment—yea, that another of our immortal years lies buried in the grave of the mighty past. Methinks there are none to-night so charmed by the siren voice of the world, so lost in its giddy whirl of business or of pleasure, but will sit down, with heart accessible to solemn teaching, and learn a lesson from its exit.

In our comminglings with the world, its diversified pursuits, its deluding phantoms and follies, competitions and cares, we may and do forget our transition character—the feeble hold we have on life, and how soon we must look our last upon all earth's brightest and saddest scenes, which now light up the eye with the heart's most cherished affections, or dim it with tears. But in the deep and universal silence of the solemn midnight, reason takes her throne; and if, perchance, it be the last of a departing year,* O! what thoughts crowd upon the mind—time's rapid progression, the shadowy past and the unknown future; our own condition, frail and fleeting—to-day and not to-morrow—at morning, but not at night; the rugged windings in life's pathway—its sunshine and its wintry griefs; the friends we loved—the loving, now the lost. Yea, even to the careless and the unbelieving, the recurrence of a dying year brings with it a train of sacred associations, makes its appeal, and conveys a moral. "Go to the grave thou dying year," said an old man once with intensity of feeling. His career had been marked by severe misfortunes, yet they had not driven him to the good man's refuge; and at the last hour of that expiring year, a faded remnant of an entombed generation, he stood forth with the blighting stamp of unbelief upon his soul. Said he, "I believe not in the popular dogmas of these latter days, which not only make men fools, but keep them so; away

with the idle tale of dying to live again; 'tis a mere phantom of the imagination;" but, said he, with deep emotion, "I feel strangely sad to-night; it is the last of the old year; I can but dwell upon the sunny spots once upon life's landscape, and the rough places in my journey through this world. In my days of romance I used to spend this evening with a lovely, blue-eyed, mirthful maid; but a rolling wave of life dashed her for ever from my view, and to-night I can but recall her voice, her eye, her form. Heavy and severe disasters fell upon my riper manhood, turning the future into a gloomy and unpromising wilderness, and I feel it bitterly at such a time as this. It may be I shall not live to see the close of many succeeding years, for I am an old man. I have seen all who shared my blood, or owned my affections, fall to the ground like dead leaves in autumn, and all I can do is to call their dead shades around me. I wish myself a shadow." Then, with a deep sigh, resting upon his staff, he exclaimed, "Go to the grave thou dying year." These were the musings of one professedly an unbeliever. But why this ebullition of the most painful feelings in connection with time's unceasing flight? Ah! the mysterious tenant 'shrined in clay, gave indubitable evidence of its origin, and its power to endure when time and death are dead. If immortal, then accountable; the annual expiration of his rolling years gave him eloquent assurance that he was hastening to the retributions of eternity. In spite of all his boasted powers of skeptical reasoning, these fearful truths, unbidden, riveted upon his soul. Miserable the condition, and cheerless the prospects of that individual who, at the close of 1843, is seeking to demonstrate the falsity of the Gospel. Equally misguided and misjudging are those who yield a theoretical assent to the grand principles of revealed religion, and remain practical unbelievers.

"A nature rational implies the power
Of being blest or wretched, as we please."

Hence, if the changeless bliss of the unseen world is bartered away for the pageantries of earth, it is a voluntary relinquishment; the quitting all that an "everlasting heaven means, for empty shadows."

"Spend this evening with me," said a young lady once to her friend; "it is the last evening of the old year, will you spend it with me, Alice?" "Ah!" said she, "I fear your conversation will be too grave; it is a serious evening; the most horror-stricken in the whole year: to-morrow night I can banish gloomy thoughts at Mrs. M.'s, where all will be gayety: to-night I have no such resource; and if you will promise not to be sad, and moralize little, I will come." Her friend smiled, and she hastened away. Alice and Caroline were playmates in childhood, and friends in youth. Once they were alike volatile and unreflecting;

* This was designed for January, but came too late for insertion.

but during a gracious season of repenting and returnings to God, Caroline was also led to "turn her feet unto his testimony," while she gave evidence to all that heaven was the object of her fixed resolve. She had said very little to Alice on the subject, save by the preaching of example, which had not failed to have its influence, though not acknowledged either by words or actions. But the last evening of the old year, Caroline thought peculiarly favorable for a conversation with her friend; and with this in view, she said, "Alice, spend this evening with me." Evening came, and the two friends were side by side, seated by a cheerful fire, in Caroline's own apartment. Alice felt solemn; she knew not why; but solemn as she felt, she had secretly determined to prevent a serious turn to conversation during the evening. Hours passed away; as yet she had been but too successful. At length, said Caroline, glancing at the time-piece, "One hour more, Alice, and we enter upon a new year. How many such seasons have we spent together; but never one before with different views and feelings?" She then spoke of the change as affecting herself; faithfully expostulating, and entreating her friend to turn away from the fascinating circles of fashion and amusement, in which she so often mingled, and go more frequently to the house of God, and by a candid investigation of truth, seek to bring her feelings and her judgment to bear upon that important point—a preparation to meet God. Alice sought in vain to conceal her emotions; she perfectly accorded with her friend in sentiment, acknowledged the reasonableness of her requirements; "but," said she, "I have for five successive years, upon this very evening, resolved amendment. I dare not to-night, lest I add another broken promise to my list of offenses." Caroline became more urgent, referred her to a very near friend who, during the past year, with prospects of long life and happiness before her, had been called suddenly to the companionship of the worm; said she, "You are not more secure than was our lamented Eliza. Then why do you thus obstinately war against your own interest? The world has no resources from which you can draw one ray of comfort in the time of distress. Its pretensions to its votaries are fair, but false. You know it Alice. Already have you grasped its visions of delight, and found them but receding phantoms. Why then cling to such a feeble prop! Promise now that you will do so no more. Good night! Before the storm gathers thick and dark, O, Alice, turn to God!" Alone in her chamber, Alice sought relief in tears. Morning came, and from a sleepless pillow she arose to receive the salutations of the new year; her heart was troubled; it was the workings of the Spirit to bring the wanderer home; but she resisted. Even-

ing came, and away went Alice to lose, in the whirl of fashion and of folly, the directions of her better judgment; but she could not banish the conversation of the preceding evening, while the parting admonition still sounded in her ears, "Before the storm gathers thick and dark, O, Alice, turn to God!" "To what storm did she allude," would she ask herself, again and again—"to the hour of sickness and death?" Then, with a perspective glance, would she view the mingled scenes of that terrible day, when upon the wicked shall be "rained snares, fire and brimstone, and a horrible tempest." Early did she retire from that mirthful assemblage; and with no eye-witness but the Omniscient, she resolved again to be a Christian.

And how many such promises have been made to-night. The devotee of pleasure, beneath its fascinating shrine, resolves to burst the fetters of her thralldom, and her latest vows of reformation are heard by angels, as the moving voice of the Spirit enstamps this truth upon her soul, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Is there any delay in the fulfillment of these recent determinations? O! spurn thou not that warning voice,

"But, lady, fly that empty shrine,
And chain those airy hopes of thine."

Time is flying, heaven inviting; death will soon urge his claim; and though the pathway from the cradle to the tomb is one of vicissitude, beyond the confines of that dark repository change is known no more. O! the solemnity of this thought. 'Tis not as the phantom of a night vision; it is Gospel truth: "He that is holy, let him be holy still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Since the close of last year, how many glowing prospects have been overcast by misfortune and sorrow! Cruel have been the triumphs of the fatal messenger, and mournful the parting of friend with friend: the family prop has been removed, the mother has been taken from a group of children too young to feel the force of their bereavement; the child has perished in the dawn of its existence; youth and beauty have been carried away captive; they of the sparkling eye and the ruby lips have found a lodgment in the cold earth, with dust and corruption for a covering. And some, alas! too many, were

"Counting on long years of pleasure here,
And quite unfurnished for the world to come."

'Tis but a few years since the youthful Henry L. commenced his career of fortune. He stepped forth upon the platform of active life, and laid his schemes for the future, while flattering prospects of felicity and distinction dazzled in the distance. Talented, prepossessing in exterior—health gave the vermillion to his cheek, and her exhilarating influence to his spirits. He was one of the "gayest

of the gay" circle in which he moved. The first Sabbath in 18—, he heard announced from the sacred desk, "this year thou shalt die." He little thought these words of prophetic inspiration would be fulfilled in him; and the impressions of that sermon, so faithfully, so feelingly delivered, passed away as the "morning cloud;" but before that year had run its round, the gay, the unsuspecting Henry, lay cold in death. He ventured his eternity upon the slender thread of universal salvation. And how many to-night, equally unsuspecting, presuming upon coming years, against whom the prophetic mandate has gone forth, "this year thou shalt die."

Should these lines meet the eye of one disposed to regard the passing, trivial occurrences of life as having but little bearing upon the momentous interests of future existence, for such we cite the language of one admired as an able defender of the Christian faith. He says: "Tell our gay triflers there is no such thing as a trifle upon earth. Can any thing be a trifle that has an effect eternal? Every moment is immortal! Every moment shall return, and lay its every thought, its every whisper, before the throne of Him who sent it to man on that commission, and commands it back at the stated period to make its report, to be registered in eternity for the perusal of angels and the justification of their King." It is not improbable that this solemn evening may be the turning point in the moral history of thousands. The knell of time sounds in their ears its impressive admonitions; and by the awakening influences of God's Holy Spirit, they are made to feel that the decision of to-night may settle the question—eternal life or eternal death. Some will cast themselves as weary sinners into the arms of Everlasting Love; others will turn away their hearts, banish their reasonable fears, and to-morrow night repair to festive scenes, to the sparkling wine cup, or thread the merry dance, at the sound of the harp and the viol, and trifle away convictions that will return never! no, never! Reader, where art thou? Immortal as thou art! Dost thou yet linger in the flowery paths of ruin? Knowest thou not it is at the peril of all thine interests? The voice of that beseeching visitor, against whom thou hast so often steeled thy heart, thou mayest hear no more, until He say to thee, "Because I have called and ye refused, when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind, then shall you call upon me, but I will not answer."

To the Christian specially, this evening is one of solemn interest. He looks back upon the past year, and upon his past life; no matter how long may have seemed his nights of anguish, when the aching head was pressed upon a sleepless pillow, or the days when his spirit drank at a fountain of

bitterness, now that they are passed, with the inspired patriarch he is ready to exclaim, "My days are swifter than a post." He views in retrospect, the unmerited loving-kindness of his God, who has been "gracious, slow to anger, and plentiful in mercy"—when he recounts his wandering, wayward steps, his feeble exertions in the cause of his divine Master, he cries out in the fullness of his soul, "It is of the Lord's mercies that I have not been consumed." In the strength of Jesus he resolves to arm himself with an invincible armor, and maintain the contest until sin is dethroned, and "faith is turned to sight, and God is all in all."

And the faithful minister, to whom is committed the sacred deposit of the everlasting Gospel, reviews his past efforts to subserve the interest of his Lord. He goes back in vision to the endearments of home and youth; recalls the loved ones, now no more, from whom, with bitter feelings, he tore himself away, saying, "I have laid myself upon the altar; henceforth, with the world in my rear, I must go and gather sheaves for the bundle of eternal life." Since that eventful period, frequent and deep have been his conflicts; innumerable discouragements have encompassed him about; but beating winds, and swelling surges, have but driven him nearer the Rock of his help. His soul has been cheered with "visitations sweet," while he carries the testimony of an approving conscience that he has not "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." Has he been successful, he lays his trophies at the feet of his Master. The world may have whispered to him of wealth, fame, personal ease and comfort; but the language of his heart is to-night, "Had I a mind that could grasp truth like a Newton, and make an appeal powerful and effective as that of Cicero, when he drove Cataline from the Senate, and made Cæsar tremble, I would rather be privileged of God to bear the tidings of mercy to a lost world, find my death-couch in some lonely hut, on a barbarous shore, without a kindly hand to fan the fever of my brow, than, with regal honors, to yield up my breath beneath a canopy of gold." The miseries and wants of a revolted world press heavily upon his soul, his arm is nerved afresh, his soul inspired to execute with a holier zeal, the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my Gospel." He takes a general survey of the Church in her extensive range of action. Some of her *lights* have been *extinguished*; her day of conflict approaches; but the "Lord of hosts is with her, the God of Jacob is her refuge." In spite of the combined opposition of earth and hell, the car of her triumph rolls onward, from "conquering to conquer." A few more determined struggles, and the "voice of a great multitude shall go forth as the voice of

many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

And who that is privileged with life and reason, at the commencement of a new year, but will bring their offerings to this blessed shrine. Its inscriptions are, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." What have been our efforts during the past year for the universal diffusion of these gracious tokens? What has been our example before those whom we influence for eternity? In this region of moral derangement, from a common origin, alike we must bow to the same irrevocable destiny, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Sorrow and decay attend us in our course, but religion meets us with her cup of blessings. The speculating sophist, when anxious days come on, and the grave shuts in upon the sources of his hope and joy, can but invoke their departed shades, and wish himself a shadow. But religion, with unerring finger, directs her votaries to light beyond.

Christian reader, it may be that very recently death, in his desolating march, has laid some comfort low; the coffin-lid may have closed upon the charm of your fireside, the sweetener of your life, the solace of your descending path. O! listen to that voice! sweeter than music from a seraph's lyre, saying, "O! death I will be thy destruction," "I am the resurrection and the life"—

"Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at your feet,
But gaze on that starry world—there ye shall meet."

With chastened soul, in humble confidence, it is the privilege of the true believer to enter upon the duties and trials of another year, singing, with the pious Heber, in devout and joyful strains,

"My years roll on; but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop:
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God's the same, for ever true!

My years roll on: my soul be still—
Guided by love, thy course fulfill,
And, when life's anxious voyage is past,
My refuge be with *Christ* at last!"



THE ANGEL SONG.

—
BY MISS DE FOREST.
—

"Hark, they whisper! Angels say,
'Sister spirit! come away!'"

—
"SISTER spirit! come away!"
Leave the dying, cumbrous clay;
Let it sink to mold'ring earth—
Claim thy native, heav'nly birth,
Wanderer o'er a rugged soil—
Sighing, sorrowing, worn with toil,

Wearied suff'rer, why delay?
Plume thy wing, and haste away.

Sister spirit, rise and shine,
In thy heritage divine,
Would'st thou stay to sadly mourn
Over nature's crumbling urn?
Lo! thy friends are mingling here,
List their song, and wipe the tear—
Know'st thou, mourner, what they say?
"Sister spirit! come away!"

Come, and in our heav'nly choir
Tune anew thy pensive lyre.
Like the ancient patriarch,
All thy pilgrimage is dark;
Few and evil are thy days—
Utter still the voice of praise,
Yet no longer seek to stay—
"Sister spirit! come away!"

Dost thou grieve for hopes delay'd?
Buds that wither, flowers that fade!
Vows of friendship, rudely broken?
Words of harshness, roughly spoken?
Flowers will bloom for ever here—
The tree of life is never sere—
Love in heaven knows no decay—
Weeping sister, haste away.

Trembler, dost thou fear to die?
Raise to Calvary thine eye;
Look upon the bleeding Savior;
He can hush thy fears for ever;
He will smooth the dying pillow—
Still the tempest—calm the billow—
Aye, 'tis he that bids us say,
"Sister spirit! come away."



THE CROSS.

SYMBOL of shame! mysterious sign
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,
Hail! pledge of love, of peace divine,
From God!

Symbol of hope! to those that stray,
The pilgrim's vows extend to thee;
Star of the soul, thou guid'st the way
To Calvary!

Symbol of tears! we look and mourn
His woes, whose soul for man was riven;
Where, wanderer! is thy due return?
To heaven!

Symbol of glory! when no more
The monarch grasps his diadem,
Thou still shalt burn, when worlds are o'er,
A peerless gem!

Original.

GRECIAN POETRY.

THE Greeks were ashamed to acknowledge that they derived their origin from any people whom they considered inferior to themselves. In this dream of national greatness they gave birth to some of the noblest geniuses that have ever adorned the soil upon which they trod. It was their unwillingness to look to other nations that made them turn to themselves, and draw upon their own resources. This was especially true when applied to their intellectual history; for that, at least, in their own lofty expression, was autochthonal. The few crude ideas which they gathered from other nations, anterior to themselves, were entirely remodeled by their plastic minds, or cast into a new mold, that, when reproduced, they appeared original, beautiful, and captivating. The monstrous was reduced to the vast, the grotesque softened to the graceful; and all their productions were characterized by a gracefulness and beauty, thrown, as it were, upon their primeval rudeness. All that tends to elevate the groveling, to unite the inharmonious; all that tends to adorn the ungraceful, and to polish the crude materials which were gathered from abroad, and convert them into that which is fascinating and elegant, belong peculiarly to the Greeks.

What mind does not love to rove through the exuberant growth of Homer's fertile imagination? Of his beauties no one, who makes any pretension to classic learning, can be ignorant. No one but must admire his sublimity and pathos, his tenderness and simplicity, and his inexhaustible vigor, that seems to revel in the endless display of his own prodigious energies. It is not here and there that his greatness is displayed, but everywhere; he is great throughout the vast whole. He paints with equal strength the terrible, the beautiful, the loathsome. Whose bosom does not glow with emotion as he reads the wrath and glory of the son of Peleus, described, as it is, in language of extreme beauty and elegance? It is no wonder that every educated Grecian should consider it a disgrace not to have read and be able to repeat large portions of this illustrious author.

But, although so justly admired by all his countrymen, the circumstances of his birth and death are alike wrapt in fable and obscurity.

Yet, what is far more remarkable, is, that his influence was least exerted upon his immediate successor, Hesiod. Between his poetry and that of Homer may be traced a greater difference than exists between it and many succeeding prose compositions. How great the disparity between depicting the martial glory of the Greeks in the illustrious seige of Troy, and domestic duties—the cultivation of the soil, and the genealogy of the

gods—which were the principle themes of Hesiod's muse. Perhaps the breast of Hesiod was imbued with the poetic spirit of Orpheus, whose productions, though lost, were evidently didactic in a high degree in their character, and devoted to the inculcation of ethics and theology. As Hesiod was naturally of a contemplative disposition, his mind inclined rather to the mysteries of symbolical religion than to the more popular and romantic subjects of Homer.

The same spirit which was embodied in Hesiod, we find flowing through those hymns in honor of the deities, which form the connecting link between Epic and Lyric poetry. In the Epic the person of the minstrel was entirely concealed; but in the hymns, as in the compositions of Hesiod, it becomes more visible, and the mind was prepared for the reception of those displays of feeling and emotion, of which the Lyric compositions, whether in the form of odes, songs, or the choruses of tragedy or comedy, largely partake. We find it in the bitter strains of Archilochus, in the complaint of the love-tortured Sappho, and in the regal and lofty pride of Pindar—the three distinguished names which mark the close of each century down to the Persian war.

A little later than Lyric poetry, flowed Elegiac, from the same source. Of this style of poetry, which is strongly allied to the Homeric, Tyrtæus is the first example. His soul-stirring war songs are in the genuine spirit of Homer. But the most renowned poet of this class is the immortal Pindar, whose name stands unrivaled, and like some colossal ruin of ancient architecture, remains only to reveal the majesty of the whole. Although nothing of Pindar's writings, except the forty-five triumphal lays in honor of the victors at the public games, have survived the wreck of the literature of antiquity, yet Horace informs us that he displayed his versifying powers in various styles of Lyric poetry—the wild dithyramb—the devout pæan—the gay and graceful glee; and, perhaps, still more pleasingly in his elegiac odes, in which he endeavored to console the mourner by gorgeous views of Elysium. But perhaps the most beautiful of his writings are those triumphal lays which remain. Considering the high estimation in which that kind of composition was held by the Greek nation, it is natural that he should throw all the energies of his mind into these productions.

We are struck by the excessive display of wealth and magnificence with which they abound. He seemed to think that nothing but splendor was worthy of his muse. His genius, to use his own words, "was the eagle of Jupiter." But, notwithstanding his aristocratic views, the feeling of veneration was predominant in his bosom. It was not only rank and opulence that called it forth,

but, also, the contemplation of the Divine attributes. Hence, that glow of piety which shines in some of his compositions, and adds force and lustre to his lessons of wisdom. His lofty temper, and strong anti-democratic principles, indicate his school, and the oligarchical institutions of the Doric states. To the same cause must be imputed the coldness of his homage to liberty, and the want of fervor in the allusions which he makes to contemporary patriots.

With Æschylus, who was a few years Pindar's junior, commenced the regular drama. Homer has been called the father of tragedy; but it was impossible for the stately fabric of the theatre to arise in those wild and boisterous times. Under the impulse given to the drama by Æschylus, tragedy assumed, in substance, its most exalted attributes. Before this it had been in embryo; now it started up, perfect and finished in all its parts.

Æschylus is an illustrious example of Athenian character. The remembrance of the hard struggles and well earned triumphs, of which he had been a partaker, gave a force and interest to his poetry. It bespeaks, in every place, the language of the hero, and the storm of battle. His writings are full of thought; but, perhaps, in the arrangement of his plot, he might be excelled by Sophocles. But the characters of their muse were essentially different. The productions of the former abounded with supernatural terrors and shapes of colossal magnitude; those of the latter, whose imagination loved to expatiate in the regions of fancy, were images of perfect majesty and beauty. And the effect of such lofty contemplations is seen in the excellence of his almost faultless style.

The poetry of Sophocles "flows in its own native channel—a mild, majestic stream, seldom ruffled by tempests"—bearing upon its bosom the symbols of dignity and power.

Under Euripides was commenced and consummated the decline of the tragic art. Although possessed of a fertile imagination, he could not produce the effect of grandeur or beauty, for which Æschylus and Sophocles were so remarkable. He adapted his poetry to the depraved state and degenerate manners of the people around him. His mind was full of sickly sentiments and disorderly passions, by which he increased voluptuousness and aggravated error. And with him expired the genuine spirit of tragedy among the Greeks. From this time every thing that is noble and great disappeared from the stage.

Longinus, who has drawn from the sun a simile to illustrate the difference between the Iliad and Odyssey, might have applied the same figure in the rise and fall of Grecian tragedy. "With Æschylus it is the dawn of a glorious day, rich in gorgeous coloring and bright promise, but still

battling against the clouds, and thwarted by the morning haze. With Sophocles, of a mature and steadfast radiance, it glows in the meridian; and with Euripides, its aptest emblem is the setting luminary, beautiful even in decline, and flooding the skies with a softened lustre, but shorn of its power and splendor, and soon to be swallowed up in the darkness of night."

The downfall of tragedy only opened a more successful door to the comic muse. Although Comedy, like her elder sister, Tragedy, arose from the rites of Bacchus, yet, unlike her, she seemed to flourish better in a more corrupt state of the muses and literature.

Ancient comedy was essentially satirical, and, consequently, must sink as soon as its essence was withdrawn. While tragedy was consecrated to the solemn and exalted themes of human thought, the comedy of Attica was the type of all that is airy and extravagant, and full license was given to all the expressions that an exuberant fancy could suggest. One of the most distinguished comic writers was Aristophanes. He wielded language with a power unrivaled. He knew how to be severe, yet was free from that coarseness for which his contemporaries have been so justly condemned. In his poetry, passages of a most exquisite character are continually interspersed, "like frequent glimpses of elysian distance." When to this the patriotism of Aristophanes is added, we claim for him the honor of a great mind. In all cases, save one, his attacks are as just as they were tremendous. He, whose arrows flew so thickly in every direction, might well have exclaimed, with a distinguished modern writer, "What question have I declined? what villain have I spared?"

Ancient comedy could not exist where liberty did not; and as soon as the free spirit of Athens was lost, it sunk into the regions of shade. But simultaneously with the overthrow of Athenian independence appeared the first specimens of a new species of dramatic poetry, in which the keen sarcasm of Aristophanes was exchanged for graceful lessons of morality and accurate delineations of character. This new comedy was brought to perfection by Menander, whose productions, save a few fragments, are lost. The chief beauties of Menander consisted in the delicate portraiture of character, the propriety of style, and a profusion of that Attic salt, "which," to use an expression of Plutarch's, "was taken from the very wave out of which the goddess of Love and Beauty rose." After Menander there is nothing worthy of commemoration.

Thus, the poetical spirit of Athens, after being sustained for more than two centuries, under the various forms of tragedy and comedy, at last expired.

The poetic genius of Grecia, like her majestic temples, with their gaudy worship, and her splendid palaces, no longer exist. Her Muses no longer hover around her, as they were wont to do in her palmy days, exciting her sons to noble deeds, holding up before them the victories of their fathers, and encouraging them to follow the example which they set. They have deserted their shady groves; Apollo has taken his departure, and Helicon no longer resounds with the soft tones of his lyre. They have taken up their abode on foreign shores; for they could not attune their voices to the praises of the deeds of slaves. D.



Original.

HOW WE MAY CONQUER.

The following letter, though strictly private, is of too much value to be withheld from God's dear children. It is from a highly respected Christian lady to a disciple of Christ in this city.—ED.

DEAR SISTER,—And the endearing relationship implied I feel in addressing you. We are children of one Father, and shall we deem an apology necessary in addressing each other? And then a mutual interest in that which concerns our *Father's* kingdom, has drawn our hearts together. 'Tis but seemly that children of one family, with interests necessarily identified, should hold unrestrained communion.

I think your experience very clear. "At the age of nine" you experienced religion; and so conclusive was the work of the Spirit, that, for several months, you had no doubts. You doubtless had the *fruits* of the Spirit. In subsequent experience you may not have retained *all* the fruits, especially that of joy; but you doubtless retained that which should be by far more conclusive; i. e., LOVE. "*Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God.*" Had you continued to believe God upon the bare testimony of his word, joy and peace would have possessed your soul. But if you retained *love*, have you reason to believe that you lost your adoption? You had a *right* to believe whether you apprehended it or not. The *fruits* of the Spirit should certainly be far more conclusive than our *feelings*.

Being thus a child of God, your heavenly Father urged you by his Spirit to "leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance," &c. Here, possibly, you may detect your error, both in early and later experience. When God performs a work, he does not condescend to our changeableness of views relative to that. He may condescend to give more light; but, in my experience, this light has almost invariably shone forth

from the word: "Thy word is a *lamp* unto my feet, a *light* unto my path." So said David; and if sister B. had invariably pronounced upon her experience by the sure light emitted from the word, and been less solicitous about frames and feelings, every perplexity in experience had been banished. But no time is lost by having difficulties *settled*. Otherwise Satan makes these unsettled points formidable hinderances. I have found myself so prone to require *sensible* manifestations, that I have found it the safer way to leave them to be dispensed to me at the disposal of my heavenly Father. "The just shall *live* by *faith*."

You had been pleading for a clean heart. And just while you were earnestly struggling you were enabled to "look up, and the power of God touched your heart;" and then, in a manner powerful beyond description, it was said to your inmost soul, "If ye ask bread, will he give you a stone." Involuntarily you cried out in the language of praise. What for? Because the desire of your heart had unquestionably been answered, the vacuum in your heart was filled—filled to overflowing. Now, was it not surprising that you should doubt whether *this* was the blessing you had been seeking! The caution implied in the text given for your establishment in the blessing considered, it surely was strange that you should yield to an uncertainty on the subject. Did it never strike you that, in yielding to this temptation, you admitted the supposition that your heavenly Father might give you a stone for bread—something else than what you had asked for. Your constitutional proneness to unbelief, or reasoning, seems to have been anticipated, and God gave you this text from the armory of the word at the moment; or rather, in connection with the blessing, that with it you might be enabled to ward off the *peculiar* temptations to which he knew you would be exposed. Had you used it you would not have replied in the negative to the inquiry whether you had the blessing. It was here you gave the enemy advantage.

When you resolved to say to a friend something that would imply that you were in possession of "the blessing," then your cup began again to run over. How kind was your heavenly Father thus to bless you, even in anticipation of confessing with the mouth what he had done for you. The duty of confession seems to stand *inseparably* connected with the reception and retaining of spiritual blessings. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The reason why you have not been more confirmed in the possession of the blessing is, probably, because you have spoken of the work of the Spirit on your heart in an indefinite manner. Perhaps you have but seldom spoken of it; and when you in part venture,

almost yield to the temptation to call it something else. If you continue to pursue this course, you will *never* become permanently established. God has given you the blessing, and you *ought* to declare it to the praise and glory of his grace. The cause *requires* witnesses. When it comes to the matter of *confession*, Satan is very solicitous for the cause of God. He would even keep us in bondage, from the fear of saying too much.

I sometimes resolve the matter thus: Had a compassionate friend raised me from the depth of poverty and degradation, should I, in speaking of what that friend had done for me, be speaking of myself? Would it not rather be humbling to self to ascribe it to another? Should I withhold the name of that friend, and not to his praise speak of what he had done for me, the world would exclaim, how ungrateful and unhumbled; while my friend, perhaps, would either withdraw his gifts or cease to give more.

God loves to be praised: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." He pours into our souls in order that we should pour out to others. And may we not conclude that God dispenses to us in a degree proportionate to that which we dispense to others: "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and *running over*. A minister once said, "If all the Church would only get Gospel measure, what would *run over* would be enough to convert the world." There is little danger of speaking too much or too highly of what God has done for us. It is surprising that the enemy should be so successful with temptations to the contrary. "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth;" "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the *humble* shall hear thereof, and be glad." Try the plan of *seeking* opportunities to speak *confidently* of what God hath done for you, dear sister B., and I have no doubt but you will be enabled to affirm most confidently that your heavenly Father *has not given a stone for bread*.

CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

THE nature of Christian beneficence is often wholly mistaken. We are not merely to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, to minister to their necessities, and alleviate their misery, but we are to *keep ourselves unspotted from the world*. Instinctive benevolence might obey the requisitions of the one—Christian benevolence alone can fulfill the requisitions of the other. A heart entirely destitute of Christian love and holiness, might be prompted to relieve the indigence of suffering widowhood and orphanage, from the consideration that the honor of the world might be thus obtained; but to visit the widow and the

fatherless in their affliction, in the spirit of pure and undefiled religion, as motives are appreciated before God and the Father, to the exclusion of all sinister design, all pride, all dissimulation, this is the meaning of the apostle; this is the essence of practical godliness. We are to honor the faith of the Gospel; not, indeed, by a literal fulfillment of every injunction of the law of charity *in secret*, but we are to let our light shine with a lustre so benignant and holy, "that others, seeing our good works, may be constrained to glorify our Father in heaven."

Christian beneficence requires us to be like-minded with Christ, and that we have his image reflected in our hearts. We must be "clothed with humility"—that grace which rejects every ornament but that of a meek and quiet spirit, so priceless in the sight of God. And, in addition, we must have on "the helmet of salvation." We are prone to indolence; "our souls love their home of familiar emotions." Our minds experience a painful revulsion at the thought of extending their conceptions beyond a certain circumscribed sphere. How different the course of action prescribed by the inspired writer! "The helmet of salvation," by which he would seem to convey that life is a scene not of inactivity and repose, but a warfare. He would have us to feel that our journey from this world to that above is one of difficulty, of contention, and of trial.

Christian beneficence requires, likewise, that we be disinterested in all our efforts: "Charity seeketh not its own." Who does not know that selfishness is innate in the human heart? Who among men has so fully conquered himself as to find no latent springs of this principle, no spirit of self-seeking within him? Who among us possessing godliness, is conscious to himself of a love so pure, so fervent, so entirely disinterested in seeking the salvation of souls, as to have no leaven of selfishness remaining within his bosom? And who among the ministers of the cross is so ripe with the graces of his Master's spirit, so trained to the offices of angelic benevolence, as no longer to be under the necessity of scrutinizing his motives, of examining his heart, to see whether there be any thing of the carnal mind within him? The beneficence of Jesus was perfect. HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD. How true, yet how laconic this sentence, which sums up all the actions of his life! Whether in the land of his nativity, or in the land of strangers, whether among his friends or his enemies, whether among the upright or the wicked, he had but one duty to perform, but one object to accomplish—the glory of God and the good of man. In him we behold energy of purpose, disinterestedness of motive, unchangeableness of love. In him we may copy from a Divine and all-perfect original. E. H.

Original.

HOLINESS.—NO. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF HOLINESS, WITH NOTES
BY THE WAY."

"Wilt thou be made whole?"

"For whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth
the gift?"

IF the Scribes and Pharisees were so severely chided for regarding the gift of greater importance than the sacredness of the "altar most holy," by virtue of which their gifts were sanctified, who can portray the God-dishonoring character of that unbelief which prompts the offerer at the *Christian's altar* to doubt whether, when he lays his sacrifice upon it, it will be holy—acceptable unto God? I must confess, dear R., that my heart, with an instinctive, involuntary shuddering, recoils from the not unfrequently repeated observation, "I do not know but that I have laid all upon the altar; but I don't know whether the offering is accepted." It always, to my mind, implies one or all of two or three things—either that they imagine themselves more willing and faithful in complying with the conditions than God is in fulfilling his part of the engagements, or they do not apprehend the *inherent*, infinite sacredness of that altar upon which they presume they may have laid their gift, or are inexcusably indefinite and loose in their perceptions of those holy, all-important mysteries, with which every believer in Christ should be conversant. Either of these are lamentable, God-dishonoring deficiencies, indulgence in which should crimson the cheek in blushes before God and man, and call forth the heart's most penitential acknowledgments.

And yet a course, if possible, more reprehensible is pursued by many—it is that of thinking more of the *value* of the puny offering than of the God-constituted claims of the altar. Did the temple service require sacrifices? How much more commanding the claims of Christ, our redeemer! O, dear R., we will not hesitate to render to him a whole burnt sacrifice. Surely the entire service of body, soul, and spirit, is not only a reasonable but a required service. Christ has purchased all unto himself. How unreasonable, then, not to live in the ceaseless return of all these redeemed powers! O, it is but meet that *all* should be presented a ceaseless, yes, a *living* sacrifice! O, is not your heart now saying—

"Poor as it is, 'tis all my store—

More should thou have if I had more."

And how blessed it is to know that you may thus be unto God a sweet savor of Christ!

Abiding here, you will in verity know what it is to have your life hid with Christ in God. How

can it be otherwise than that the spirit, abiding thus in humble faith, and in appropriating dependence on the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, should realize momentarily the purifying efficacy of the blood of the atonement. Living in this state must necessarily induce the absorption of all our powers in holy service. While reposing thus on the heart of Infinite purity and love, how can it be otherwise than that the pulsations of the redeemed, sanctified spirit, should all beat in unison with the Savior's? That which moves his heart, will move the spirit thus reposing. That which grieves his Spirit, will grieve the spirit of the sanctified. It is here, and only here, that we can realize, on all occasions, a state of the affections enabling us to feel that we have the answer to the petition—

"A heart *his joys* and *griefs* to feel—

A heart that cannot faithless prove—

A heart where Christ alone may dwell—

All praise, all meekness, and all love."

O, how ceaselessly, then, will our sympathies be thrown out upon a perishing world. You will observe that the interests must all be necessarily identified.

Now, my dear R., is the design of redemption answered in any lower state of grace than this? Do answer this question as before God. O, take it into the inner sanctuary of your heart, and let the answer be such as you will feel no misgiving in meeting when, in the eternal world, you see your Redeemer face to face. If you render this whole-hearted service, I know you will be constrained to acknowledge yourself but an unprofitable servant. If you should do it from this moment, you would ever feel cause for the deepest abasement before God, in that you have not ever acknowledged the rightful claim of your Redeemer. If you *delay*, from any cause whatever, you make food for repentance. *God demands present holiness!* Every earthly consideration should dwindle into insignificance in comparison with this. Resolve from this moment that this command of your God shall be all-absorbing. Say to every minor demand on body or soul, "Let the dead bury their dead."

But now, beloved R., if the altar is indeed near at hand: and is it not? And are not you standing in waiting attitude beneath its hallowed shade—nearer than within arm's reach of that altar upon which you are to repose in eternal consecration your offering? And is not the offering also, that you would present, nearer than within your grasp? Now, what is before you but an *act* unutterable in solemnity—infinite in bearing upon your *present* and future destiny! *Will you not now lay your offering upon the altar?* You know it must *touch* the altar before it *can* be sanctified. This is God's unalterable decree. With him there is neither vari-

ableness nor shadow of turning. This act, on your part, must necessarily induce the promised result on the part of the faithful, unchangeable Jehovah. But remember that all is not given up until that *will*, that requires some signal manifestation, sign, or wonder, preparatory, or as the result of believing, is also renounced. This is generally the last object around which the spirit lingers. Holiness is a *state* of soul in which all the powers of body and mind are consciously given up to God. Feeling is not now what you should be aiming at. Get holiness, and you will then feel that you will delight to leave every emotion of body or mind submissively to God. He will give you just the amount or peculiarity of emotion that will best fit you to glorify *his* name; and this is all that you are now to live for. God is now saying unto you, "Bring all the tithes into my store-house, and prove me herewith." If you will this moment promptly obey his requisition, dear R., you will at once, to the unutterable blessedness of your soul, prove that "*if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine.*"

And now, my beloved R., may "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly! and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved *blameless* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." If opportunity offers, I will endeavor to communicate with you relative to the privileges peculiar to this state.

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From the American Messenger.

MISS M—, OF SALEM, MASS.

M— was young and lovely; but as the tender flower is withered by the blast, so she sank beneath the ravages of disease—her beauty faded—she drooped and died.

It was the privilege of the writer to be with her during her last sickness. It was indeed a favored spot; for the gloom which so often curtains the chamber of death, seemed there unknown. The Sun of righteousness had irradiated it with his cheering beams; and the happy messengers who had recently conducted her departed brother to the mansions of rest, seemed to be hovering round her pillow, waiting also to convey her willing spirit home.

Her disease speedily spread its ravages over her tender, delicate frame. At first she realized not her critical situation, but spoke of returning health. Yet the hectic flush, which at times would spread over her pale countenance, the sunken eye, and the faltering step, told the sad tale to anxious friends, that she whom they loved was not long to be an inhabitant of earth; and with sorrowing hearts did they watch her sad decline.

But M— soon felt *herself* that her strength was failing, and that she must die. O, what an hour is that to one whose hopes have centred in a vain world! But it was not thus with M—. *She had given the dew of her youth to the Savior*, and had consecrated her brightest days to his service. While the bloom of health played upon her countenance, and strength and vigor spread through her frame, she renounced the vain pleasures of earth, and turned from its polluting streams to the "fountain of living waters;" and the cheerful smile, and the placid countenance, bore witness to the peace and quiet which pervaded her spirit in view of the near approach of death. It was delightful indeed to witness the power of that grace which enabled her to triumph over fear, sin, and corruption.

But we will pass over days and weeks of affliction, to the closing scene. It is the morning of the holy Sabbath, and every thing around is hushed and still. It is an hour of trial, but one also of peace and consolation, which the world can neither give nor take away. At an early hour of the morning her little family circle was summoned to her bed-side. She had passed a painful night; but the change which had then spread over her countenance told plainly that her trials were soon to be ended, and her willing spirit to be freed from the fetters which bound it. The pillows which supported her dying head were raised, and she looked around upon her friends with a smile of tenderness and affection. She spoke of a Savior's love; and her countenance was lighted with a heavenly glow, as she expressed the sweet assurance that he was with her, and sustained her with his cheering presence.

"Mother," said she, "I am just entering the river, and I can see it; it is calm and clear: the Savior is with me." She ceased for a moment, but the sweet smile passed not away from her countenance. Again she looked upon her friends, as if she would convey to them some idea of the celestial world, which seemed unfolded to her view; but she could only, with smiles, exclaim, "O, beautiful! beautiful!" Thus she continued in this happy frame of mind, lingering upon the borders of heaven, for the space of an hour, and uttering one message for the benefit of all, "Prepare to meet thy God;" when her eye grew dim, her voice faltered, and in a few moments her lips were silent in death. Thus calmly did she close her eyes on all earthly things—thus peacefully did she pass away.

"So fades a summer cloud away—
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er—
So gently shuts the eye of day—
So dies a wave along the shore."

H. F.

Original.

THE MONOMANIACS.

BY MISS BURROUGH.

"One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem."

"WHAT will become of the insane in the day of judgment?" is, I believe, a question of more frequent inquiry and speculation, than most of the hidden things of God. But *He* who ordereth all things well, will dispose of them aright. Let us, then, leave their *future* destiny with him; and having our hearts filled with the deepest sympathy for their *present* condition, remember the rebuke of our Savior to a similar inquiry, and "strive," ourselves, "to enter in at the strait gate."

It is, indeed, a melancholy sight to witness the human intellect, under any circumstances, turned astray from its proper channel, and amusing itself, however innocently, with the baubles of the child, or the idle fancies and illusions of the bewildered adult. And how much more saddening is that species of insanity which seems to leave the light of the intellect burning in the chambers of the brain, whilst dark shadows have fallen upon the moral feelings and perceptions of the sufferer, and the heart, out of which "are the issues of life," becomes embittered, or filled with vanity and vexation of spirit!

There were, many years since, living in the city of B., two monomaniacs, both females, one an African and the other white, with whom I often met in my street rambles. They were harmless, and both appeared happy. But their happiness was derived from totally different sources. Whilst the African always appeared to be in a rejoicing frame, and eagerly looking *forward* and *upward*, for expected good, the other was prone to dwell upon *past* pleasures with regret, and upon surrounding circumstances with mortification and disappointment, seeming not to bestow a single thought upon the *future*.

I had frequently passed them both at different times on the pavement before I knew any thing of their histories; but had received impressions, in these brief interviews, somewhat in accordance with the character of each. The white lady, Mrs. D., was a perfect caricature of the then prevailing fashions; and many a dashing belle of Market-street should have felt rebuked at her appearance. Every thing was in mode; but it was *ultra*, and worn with such an air of perfect satisfaction, although she was neither young or beautiful, as often provoked a smile from the most grave, particularly as she had adopted the fashionable street

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manners. The walk, as well as the costume, was in the same style of excess.

The first time I saw her was near to a hack stand. She was arrayed in all the paraphernalia of the mode; and I observed she carried in her hand a parasol with each quarter of a different color, imaging, as one might fancy, the incongruities of the wearer. She was alone, and walking slowly before me; and whilst I was speculating upon the oddness of her appearance, she turned her eye upon the long line of handsome hacks, and said aloud—

"Surely, after marriage,
I thought to keep a carriage."

I soon after mentioned the circumstance, by way of inquiry, to a friend, and she laughingly told me that it was Mrs. D., and added that after she had made a *full* toilet, she always put on her smiles, and spoke *in rhyme*, and seemed to consider *metre* the dress language of a lady.

I afterward learned that she was naturally of an aspiring, ambitious character, and that she had, early in life, bartered her principles and her happiness, by marrying a man for whom she had no respect or preference, in the belief that he was rich; and being disappointed in this, her mind had lost its balance, and ever after seemed to crave and dwell upon the things it had missed.

I once met her in a fashionable store, where she examined the goods, commented upon the prices and quality with all possible discretion, and finally purchased a printed dress-pattern (sufficiently gay, to be sure;) and when the shopman handed her the parcel, with all the airs and graces of the fine lady, she yet reminded him of the *thread*, by saying—

"And, surely, the cotton
Should never be forgotten."

This was her usual style of folly.

I have omitted to mention that she was now a widow. Her husband had been dead many years. He had belonged to the brotherhood of Masons, and was of the *deeply initiated*; so that he was buried with imposing Masonic honors. This honor was highly gratifying to his widow; and she had ever after felt it her duty to *fill his place* in the processions of that fraternity; and although she was not permitted to enter their council chamber, she insisted on following them through the streets; and I have seen her walking *beside* their ranks, wearing a *mystic-looking* apron, covered with all sorts of finery and devices. Yet, with all the freedoms of aberration, she was not wanting in womanly modesty.

She had great energy and perseverance of character, but was ever in pursuit of something to gratify a puerile and worldly taste. The last I heard of her she was busily engaged in collecting

a cabinet of minerals, and with as much eagerness as if a knowledge of the science, and not a mere conformity to a prevailing fashion, were the ground of her interest for it. The reader perceives, at once, that vanity and a taste for fashionable follies were her predominant characteristics.

But now of the other. Hagar, the African, was of a different mold. She possessed all the peculiar characteristics of her race, as they are originally found when fresh from their own happy homes, ere they become lost by admixture with other races. She was almost of an ebony blackness, with *truly* African features; but withal she had one of the most attractive faces I have ever seen. It seemed ever beaming with the sunlight of a happy spirit. Amidst all the outward adornments of a gay city, her dress was always the same—a coarse, white negro-cloth gown, with a kerchief of the same, and an antiquated straw bonnet, tied on with a black string, from which was suspended a coarse, white muslin vail, drawn on one side, and strangely contrasting with the complexion of the wearer. A pair of coarse shoes and stockings completed her dress. And yet “Old Aunt Hagar,” as she was familiarly called by the young folks of the city, who never passed her by unnoticed, had always a bright smile and a “God bless you” for all. She coveted none of the indulgences of life—she “cared for none of these things;” but seemed to “rejoice evermore,” in having herself chosen the “good part.”

Hagar, I learned, was a native African, and had been brought into this country when young, and, like her Egyptian namesake, sold into bondage, where she lived many years in utter ignorance of spiritual things, unless, like her benighted race, she merely

“Saw God in clouds,
Or heard him in the winds.”

At length her master died, and the family removed from their plantation to the city, where Hagar accompanied them as a house-servant. She now, for the first time, had the privilege of attending meeting on each Sabbath; and being naturally of a religious temperament, she soon became aroused to spiritual things. But the variety of sects that she found here was a stumbling-block in her way, and seemed to bewilder her simple mind. *She* thought that “*one religion* was enough for the worship of *one God*.” From time to time she heard the disciples of her own color, of various creeds, declare that *theirs* was the *right faith*; so she, in her earnestness for the truth, and with, perhaps, something of the love of novelty belonging to her race, determined to *try them all*, and then to decide for herself. Her mistress being a Catholic, she commenced with that Church; the ceremonies and usages of which so wrought upon her mind, that

she concluded that *this alone* must be the true Church, and all others must be wrong. For a year or more I was told that, in the purity of her faith, and the propriety of her life, she was perhaps the best Catholic in B. She was now considered almost a saint; but, alas! for Hagar, she was not to be *canonized*; for the tempter, who hitherto could get no advantage of her, one morning strewed her pillow with a double portion of poppies, and she neglected morning prayers. Immediately she became so conscience-stricken with what she conceived to be the enormity of her sin, that she imposed upon herself, as a penance, that she would kneel down and ask forgiveness of her Maker, and not *rise from her knees for six months*! This happened before I went to B.; but I was informed by one who saw her, that for a time she actually traversed the streets in that way; but finding it uncomfortable and inconvenient to get about by this method, she was induced to change the penance to that of *not speaking*. She had now become almost useless in the capacity of a house-servant; and being indulged by her mistress, she was employed by the Catholics to circulate and to sell their books, which she did by carrying them about with the prices marked upon them; but she could never be provoked to *speak a syllable* until the expiration of the term for which she had bound herself. So much, amidst all her outward changes, for Hagar's constancy. By this time she had made up her mind that, after all, this was not the right religion, and that she would seek further.

She now tried the Presbyterians; but staid only a short time with them. Their doctrines of election puzzled and frightened her, and her mind became unhinged. She was told that the Methodists would show her an easier and a better way to heaven; and now she seemed, for a time, perfectly satisfied, singing and shouting with the best of them. Here it was that she received the first impressions of her own sinfulness by nature, and of her utter inability to make herself, of herself, worthy of heaven. And she now seemed almost to despair of salvation. She was in this frame of mind, when she was told if she would be baptized in the “name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,” that it would wash away all her sins at once. Under this delusion she applied to the Baptists for admission to their Church; but they, considering her not of sane mind, declined receiving her. But Hagar was not to be turned from her purpose. She felt burdened and oppressed with her sins; and sincerely believing that the prayers offered for other candidates for baptism would equally benefit herself, at their next administration of this sacrament, she unexpectedly appeared in their midst; and the very first one their minister led into the water was closely and reverently followed by

Hagar; and when he plunged his disciple, Hagar dipped down also, no doubt in sincerity and faith of its proving to her a saving ordinance.

But she soon learned, to her sorrow, that *outward washing* cannot cleanse the heart. She now thought she had done all that she could do for herself; but still felt the plague of her heart, and she was again in perplexity. Yet she never once distrusted the *reality of religion*; and she was resolved to seek on, or to grope on, till she found it, and finally decided to sit quietly down with the Quakers, and "await the operations of the Spirit." There were several other sects in the city that Hagar had no disposition to try; for, to use her own expressions, they were built upon a "*wrong foundation*"—their religion was not "strong enough."

This was Hagar's last change. Here no doctrines were discussed, no Church ceremonies performed, that she could not understand; and she felt more fellowship with them than she had done with any other sect. And it was sitting amidst their silent meetings that she found spiritual, and sometimes *physical* rest.

I had missed seeing her for a longer time than usual, and inquired of a friend as to her religious "whereabouts," when he told me, with a smile, that after having "*confessed* with the Catholics—shouted with the Methodists—stood awhile with the Presbyterians, and been baptized with the Baptists, she had finally 'gone to sleep' with the Quakers."

Amidst an enlightened community, this continual changing, and seemingly light intrusion upon sacred ordinances, would seem surprising to the reader. But there is all allowance to be made for the circumstances of the case. In the first place Hagar was old before she ever had the least participation or knowledge of religious matters; and when the subject broke upon her it presented itself to a mind entirely dark. Yet it was not of "Egyptian darkness;" for "the Spirit had pervaded her spirit." She had no resource in Revelation; for she *could not read a single word*. But, impelled by earnestness for the *very* truth, she hoped and desired to find it in some one Church beyond all others; so that Hagar's changes, instead of evincing lightness of purpose, were but added evidence of her own soundness. And so the thing was understood by all. Hagar never after, I believe, manifested but one inconsistency. She called herself a Quaker; yet when she got warmed with religious enjoyment, she *would shout*, and sometimes sing her favorite Methodist hymn—

"Will you go to glory with me?"

This was many years ago, and she, as well as the white lady, has ceased to wander and to err. Both have long since found repose—their bodies within the grave, and the spirit of one at least in heaven.

Original.

THE POWER OF GOD.

THE Bible everywhere proclaims the power of God. It is made known in almost every page. If we turn only to the first leaf of that sacred volume, we read that by one word he called into existence the sovereign arbiter of day—that he stretched out, by the same, that blue canopy over our heads, and spangled it with stars, which science has since shown are worlds—immense worlds—far superior in magnitude to our own—that he robed this world in all those beauties which we now behold. 'Twas he, by his own command, who formed the boisterous ocean, whose waves "mount up to the heavens." 'Twas he who formed those delightful solitudes,

"In nature's utmost verdure drest,"

which have oft been the song of the poets. If we turn to the next leaf, we learn how his power was displayed in peopling the earth and sea with various insects and animals, and decorating the trees with those gorgeous plumed songsters which fill the air with their melodious notes. Here, too, we understand how he created man—that mighty masterpiece of Deity—endowed with an immortal mind—designed for a higher, nobler existence, than all other created beings. If we turn a little farther on, we hear him commanding the windows of heaven to be opened, and the fountains of the great deep to be broken up, and roll their dark, desolating waters over that delightful Eden which he made for the residence of created mind, to cut off the wicked, rebellious race of man from the face of the earth. Still further—the scene is so graphic that we seem to be viewing the reality—we see his wonders displayed in Egypt, when the land was shrouded in darkness—when the awful thunders of his wrath were heard—when the Egyptians cried out, "We be all dead men"—and when he brought the Israelites forth with song and mirth, dividing the sea before them, and, as says the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "He established all their goings." How beautifully does the volume of sacred Writ describe the power of the Infinite. He drove out mighty kings before them, saying, "Touch not my inheritance, and do my people no harm;" and he brought them into a land flowing with milk and honey, and there he made his beloved to dwell.

Again: If we open at Job—not because the intermediate parts do not display his omnipotence—with what beauty, with what grandeur does that sacred poet describe it when the Almighty called to him out of the storm and whirlwind, and proclaimed his power as infinite—at whose disposal was all created mind—whose bidding every thing awaits. It was in the awful sublimity of that scene that Job exclaimed, "I know that thou canst do every thing!"

But if we turn to the New Testament, his power—the power of God incarnate—is not less displayed in those innumerable miracles which plainly show all nature subject to his control. Here we see the same display of omnipotence with which the Old Testament abounds, if we but view him in that “beginning of miracles,” when, in the language of another, “he fixed his calm eye on the pure water, which owned its Maker, and blushed”—when he calmed the midnight tempest—when he spoke to the stormy elements,

“————— which dashed

With fury on the cold, dark, friendless shore,”

with his usual firm and clear voice, “Peace, be still,” “and there was a great calm.” How signally it is displayed when he let the captive free—when he bound up the broken heart, and supplied all the wants of the human frame! And in that last dread hour, when all nature was convulsed at the dying groan and throes of her Creator, the earth was shrouded in midnight gloom—the sun veiled his face to weep at that awful scene.

But we are not confined to the Scriptures for proof of the omnipotence of Deity. We have but to turn to this beautiful world which we inhabit, and cast our eyes around us; for nature everywhere bespeaks a supreme, intelligent, all-powerful God. If we go from man down to the minutest insect that the microscope alone brings to view—or from the majestic tree, which has withstood the storms of summer and the chill blasts of winter for many centuries, to the tiny, fragile flower that contains within its blushing cup the diamond dew—if we stand on nature’s lofty pinnacles, and gaze upon the firmament above, all glorious with the light of day—or the soft rays of the full-orbed moon, and the distant, twinkling stars, and again on the depths below—or if we view the verdant plain and the murmuring brook, we are led to exclaim, “Truly, thou art an omnipotent God!” Again—if we soar beyond this world, and examine even the planets of our own system, how are we struck with admiration and astonishment! The magnitude of this appears incredible. How inadequate, then, is the mind to comprehend “the hidden things of God!” And if we leave our own system, and travel from world to world—from system to system, till our sun has become a distant, twinkling star, and at last disappears—till we seem to have reached the farthest verge of creation’s utmost bound—then, even then, new worlds and new systems will rise to view, and compel us to exclaim, “Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Great is Jehovah, and of great power; for he metes out the heavens as a span, and spreads them out as a tent to dwell in. ’Twas thou that formedst these innumerable worlds, which roll on continually in their appointed circles, never impinging,

never deviating from their course.” O, how weak is finite mind compared with Infinite!

But his power will be most remarkably displayed in that last great day—that day of terrors—when he shall be seen coming, wrapt in the clouds of heaven, with great power and glory; and, as say the Scriptures, “before him shall be gathered all nations.” The sea and the earth shall yield up their slain which they have covered so long; and his keen eye will pierce through those unnumbered millions, to separate those who are his from those who are not. The sun, at his bidding, shall withdraw his light, and the moon shall no more shed her soft beams. The stars shall be veiled in sackcloth, to weep over the awful destiny of this dissolving world. Then, in the terrific grandeur of that scene, man shall feel and acknowledge his power. D.



Original.

CHRISTIAN, TO ARMS!

CHRISTIAN, to arms! behold in sight,
The treacherous, threatening sons of night:
To arms! or thou art put to flight—
Attest thy glorious chivalry.

Each moment’s respite sees thy wrong,
Supinely thou hast dwelt too long;
Thy foes, alas! they grow more strong—
Arise! acquit thee valiantly!

Armor thou hast—O, haste to use,
Ere thou the skill to use it lose:
Powerless thou art if thou refuse
To arm thee with this panoply.

Rise! clothed in strength, assert thy right!
Thou of the first-born sons of light;
Christ is thy strength, and in his might
Go forth, and his salvation see.

Though doomed to warfare here below
Against a mighty three-fold foe,
Perpetual conquest thou shalt know—
Equipped, thou art invincible!

O, great shall thy rejoicing be,
Ceaseless thy boasts of victory,
’Till thou thy King in glory see,
Through whom thou wast omnipotent.



THE COLPORTEUR.

ON! on! The light thou bear’st impart;
Sow thick the golden seed;
Through every door, on every heart
The sun-beam of the Gospel dart;
Speed with thy jewels, speed!

Original.

POETICAL READINGS.

A young lady—that is, a very young one—who has just got exonerated from school exercises, thinks, perhaps, that it is time she should commence the reading of poetry; but in looking through the family library for a suitable author, she finds it hard to get suited—that is, suited well enough to render the task she has prescribed herself sufficiently agreeable to be persisted in. Nor is this surprising; for the poetical department is a sort of *terra incognita* to her. She has, as yet, no judgment, to say nothing about *taste*, in the matter. Perhaps it is better that she has not; and it has been well, on the part of parents and counselors, that they have hitherto guarded her from the “sweet contagion” of song; for if she have an aptitude to the thing, her devotion to it may have caused an unwise outlay of time, robbing her school lessons, or at best rendering them distasteful to her excited appetite; and if she have *not*, the time was entirely thrown away that she spent upon it.

But the case is different now—she is absolved of her responsible ties—she has left school, and has some leisure on her hands. We take our young lady quite new, quite green (we hope she may never be *blue*) to poetry. The utmost she has yet achieved is the reading of a few desultory motes, the corners of some newspapers, and her own and her friends’ “Albums”—the pieces all “original,” and, “therefore,” not of the highest flight possible to Phœbus’ wing.

But, jesting apart, the young lady does not know where to get “suitably suited” in the matter. So in good will, and claiming the immunity of age, (which she willingly accords me,) I will give her a few hints on the subject.

She must have a book, sensible, natural, and chaste, elevated, instructive, and inspiring—one suited to her capacity, yet containing many subjects in which she should seek beyond herself—not learned or erudite, but only a text-book to knowledge—one in which she shall often have occasion to consult—not her dictionary for hard words—but her book of *elemental* philosophy—her geography of latitudes and climes, of growths and habitants—her history, whereof the high and classic names now first delight and charm her. She shall review her pantheon of heathen *names* for physical and scientific attributes—in short, she should get too learned over this delightful poem, were it not that the loveliness and spirit of the composition absorb and concentrate her attention to the poem, properly speaking. And this poem is “The Seasons,” by Thompson—a poem which, in point of elegance, stands in the very first rank. The diction is perfectly easy and natural—there is no strain-

ing after fine epithets—no searching for recondite figures—no conventional affectations—nothing like it. The strain is like the song of a bird, and the metaphor seems to flow as naturally from the subject, or the incident, as a stream flows along the meadow which it adorns, and is, as it were, as well suited to its place.

I would recommend to the young reader a method in reading this, and other poems, by which she may learn to assist her own compositions. Though she may not write in measure, it may be useful for her to note the easy transitions, and the varied figures, which serve to turn or to illustrate the subjects to which they appertain. With her little volume of school rhetoric before her, she may trace and compare every figure as there applied, and with the numberless illustrations of each, as used throughout the poem, she may get much more at home, in her own book, by this method, than she possibly could by the rules alone, or by the comparatively confined instances quoted, as necessary to the limits of the text-book itself. Indeed, she may make wonderful improvement by the *study* of this poem. Nor do I make this poem singular in this respect. The method will apply to any other poem as well, though few others give as much scope to it as this does. This being a poem of considerable length, and also of completeness, I know of none other so well suited as an initiatory exercise in its department, to the inexperienced.

I have suggested, as well as I can, the method by which the young reader may gain information and advantage from the reading—beyond this I can give no suggestion. It is wholly impossible for me to impart to her a delight in the *poem* as such. It were like talking to a blind person about light. But she must assay it herself. The admiration and taste in poetry is a matter of *tuition* and progressive improvement, as much as in any other walk of literature. Yet, to the sheer novice, one can say no more than, “believe and persevere;” and if possessed of a common aptitude to subjects of beauty, you will soon become conscious that a discernment has sprung up—a perception is awakened—a judgment and discrimination taken place, and finally a *taste* is commenced, to which mere prose could afford no scope and no incitement. A fervor of soul will seem created out of its subject, giving innate proof that “poesy is not a mere fancy,” but has an answering chord within the human bosom, “discoursing most excellent music”—to those who hear it.

It is now June—as good a month as any other to commence “summer” with. Indeed, the leisure which one claims at this oppressive season, from severer application, and also the tone of mind, a little relaxed from the rigorous demands

of reason, suit well the book of poetry. And whilst summer is in her flush,

"To me be Nature's volume broad display'd,
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptured to translate,
My sole delight."

Observe, young reader, to take "sole delight" in its poetic sense; that is, in its license. It merely means, the "whiles" one is so engaged, it is more delightful than aught else. If you insist upon being too literal, you may never read poetry; for whatever you read becomes essentially prose by your perversion. It is said "beauty is in the beholder's eye." So, much of poetry is occult to the profane, hidden from the unworthy, and given only to the few. But we can never know a power until we assay it. To the mere matter-of-fact reader we must add, that the admirer of poetry may still be as true to principle, as faithful to truth itself as another.

The season of "summer," in this poem, is generally more admired than either of the others. It has in it more of detail, more minute discriminations of organic life than the others; for even of the insect race,

"———ten thousand different tribes
People the blaze,"

calling for your book of natural philosophy. Observe, in particular of the poet, the tenderness inculcated—not toward his brothers of humanity alone—but to every created life. See the generosity and goodness of his nature, in recommending considerateness and care of superiors toward their helpers and dependents! See the pious principle with which he would guard against the abuse of power! Notice all his sentiments, and all his moralities; and, above all, notice the religious reverence of a thankful spirit for all good gifts—in their seasons—as received from the *Father of nature*, making creation eloquent to the Creator!

Viewed throughout, I know of no poem which may, with more propriety, be commended to the young. The diction, in its varied turns of expression, will be a fruitful subject to the essayist, or even to the letter-writer. There is a peculiar appropriateness and adaptation in the *tone* given in the poetry to each several season, as well as in the images presented. In "spring" it is most buoyant and free—in "summer" the most fervid, as well as soft and luxuriant—in "autumn" it is sonorous, moody, presageful—and in "winter" grand, solemn, and majestic, showing the true poet in the varied harmony of his muse, whilst in the latter season its *dramatis personæ* are touched with a deeper sense of dependence, and a harder endurance of the casualties proper to it. The strayed shepherd perishing in the snow-drift, is a scene as

much admired as any in the book. The following, possessing much grandeur, will be preferred by many. Observe the tone, the images, and beautiful turn of pious philosophy at the close:

"Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak, inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye!
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate."

This poem is rich to abundance; and the young reader may go through it three several times, with additional advantage and gusto at each reading—liking it better at a second perusal, and understanding it best at a third.

When she has become complete mistress of this poem, she will feel inclined to read others. But one more word about the present book—she should know the author was named James Thompson, a Scotchman by birth; that he was born about one hundred and fifty years since, and died at the age of forty-eight. The style of the poem is "descriptive," and written in "blank verse." Thus much she should know distinctly of every book that she reads—not in order to *talk* about it—but certainly to be able to do so. Thompson also wrote an excellent poem, entitled "The Castle of Indolence," and several dramatic pieces.

Another very lovely poem, and embracing kindred subjects with the "Seasons," is "The Minstrel," by Beattie, possessing much beauty and refinement, and pervaded by a spirit of pure, quiet, and unexaggerated enthusiasm. It will be a graceful acquisition to the young reader.

The "Pleasures of Memory," by Rogers, will be found particularly engaging, from the stories and incidents introduced, as well as from the genuine pathos pervading the subject generally.

I must not omit to mention "The Task," by Cowper, a domestic poem, as we may call it, inculcating a love of home, with leisure elegantly occupied with "converse" and literature, presenting a true picture of an English fire-side, as found in the best, that is, in the middle class of society in that country.

Another delightful poem, somewhat different in character from those I have mentioned, is "The

Shipwreck," by Falconer. It may perhaps suit the brothers better than the young sisters, but will be a treat to either. The scenes are lively and varied, admitting of much reference to text-books.

All the several poems mentioned are free from abstruseness, and other repelling principles, as found in many works. Montgomery is a religious poet, and has written many desultory pieces, which may please and suit the young as well as their seniors.

I have not included any of the poets of our own country. None of them have written a poem of any length; and their fugitive pieces, I suppose, may be found here and there, in different publications, in every family library.

The classification (classed by morality and purity of sentiment) I have now made, may, if acceptable, suffice for the present. The list intentionally excludes the names of the most admirable of the English poets, because they are in advance of those quoted, and will follow with more propriety after these have been read; and, in many respects, they are better submitted to the ripened judgment of the adult, than to the mind of youth. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," (in prose,) is very good reading for the young lady, and well adapted as an adjunct in a course of poetical readings.



Original.

SANCTIFIED AND UNSANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

"Child of the promises! dry up thy tears,
Fly to the cross with all thy cares and fears;
Beneath the droppings of Christ's precious blood,
Lay down at once thy murmurings and thy load."

WERE there no Divine revelation, pointing out the immortality of the soul—no record of Christ's resurrection from the dead—no certainty of a future existence, yet the unsatisfying nature of all things here below, their utter insufficiency to secure our happiness, and our own helplessness and inability to hew out for ourselves cisterns that will hold water for our weary and fainting spirits—these truths were sufficient of themselves to establish a belief in the doctrine.

Amongst all the generations of men that have peopled the earth, who ever heard it said, or upon what page of history shall we find it recorded, that there ever existed a single individual who was perfectly satisfied with every allotment of his life? However much the desires of the heart may have been gratified, and however enviable our condition may appear to others, yet there ever remains in the soul a want, and a void, which nothing earthly can satisfy or fill. Go where we will, the sounds of lamentation and woe still assail our ears; for sin and death, the trail of the serpent, and the

opening grave, have made mourners of us all. Indeed, this life is so filled with suffering and disappointment, that were it not for a "hope full of immortality," we should, with Job, often "choose strangling and death rather than life."

But, thanks to the Savior! we were not made to be the sport of circumstances for a few short, miserable years, and then, like the brutes, to perish for ever. No. Eternity is the promised antidote to time; and it is the Christian's high privilege to enjoy this present life so as to secure the life to come—to have a foretaste of heaven below, and yet, in prospective, a home above, where no enemy will ever enter, and from which no friend will depart. And doubtless "He who ordereth all things well," hath chosen for us the very trials and circumstances in life the best adapted to our several cases, and which will "all work together for our good, if we but love God."

Some years since, I was making a trip to New Orleans in a steamboat. What is very unusual on that route, there chanced to be but five passengers in the ladies' cabin. They were a quiet, almost a sad looking group of middle-aged females, without a child amongst them. They seemed to have done with those conventional reserves, which oftentimes throw female travelers at such a ceremonious distance, that they scarcely dare speak to each other. But these ladies soon became communicative; and as "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," their several family histories were the subjects introduced.

Whilst I was one morning amusing myself with a book, three of the ladies were sitting near, listless and unemployed. The fourth was on the opposite side of the cabin, closely engaged with her needle. She was a small, neat looking woman, apparently the oldest of the company. She wore a mourning dress. Hitherto she had been silent and seemingly indisposed to be social. I now observed that her attention, like my own, was aroused by the turn which the conversation of the three ladies sitting together had taken. They were relating and comparing their sufferings and afflictions; and each one, as she recounted her trials, seemed to think that there "never was sorrow like unto her sorrow."

I learned from the first speaker that she had been married early in life to the object of her choice; that they removed to New Orleans, where her husband engaged in business, and was prosperous; and he soon became wealthy. They had two lovely daughters, who, after having arrived at the ages of twelve and fourteen, were taken from them almost at a stroke by the devastating fever of the climate. The grave was scarcely closed over one, before it was opened to receive the other. And they were left childless. She confessed that

she now thought her cup of affliction was full; yet she had numerous friends and a kind husband still living. She had counted up her bereavements with tears; but she had forgotten to be thankful for the blessings that were still left her. The following year her husband fell a victim to the cholera; and her home and her heart were now truly desolate—she seemed like a lone bird upon the house-top, mourning for her mate, and almost as senseless as a bird, looking to the past without any hope of the future. She still had wealth, but to her it was but as dross.

The second speaker was a widow also. She had a family of seven children, who had ever been indulged in all that wealth could purchase, attended by many servants, and reared to helplessness, until the death of their father, which had occurred the year previous. His family had never doubted that he was very rich; but, lo! at his death, the estate was declared insolvent, and they were suddenly reduced to poverty. *Her* children had been spared, although her property was taken. Still she grieved as if there had been no mercy in her lot—"no sorrow like to her sorrow."

The afflictions of the third speaker had been comparatively light—her husband still lived, and they were rich; but, alas! they were *childless*. Many years before, she had adopted into her family and her affections the child of another; but, as Death gathers his harvest at all seasons and from all households, just as she had ripened into womanhood, she was taken away. This was the narrator's affliction. Still "she refused to be comforted."

At this point of the conversation, the little woman, of whom I have spoken, laid aside her work, and coming forward joined the murmuring group. She said: "Friends, I have been interested in your discourse. You have each had grievous afflictions, and I would not take it upon me to reprove your grief. But listen to me, and know that yours have not been the bitterest suffering possible to the heart. You have each been parents, and have buried your children. The destroyer came—they sickened and died upon their beds; yes, upon their beds!" Here she turned pale, and gasped, and then went on with a collected but low voice. "I am poor. For many years I have supported my family by my needle, my husband being incapacitated, from bodily infirmity, to render me any assistance; but we murmured not at our lot, if we sometimes felt it a hard one. We had five children—four daughters and a son—an only son—grown into manhood, who had been reared amidst privations, if not poverty, and to whom we looked as the stay and comfort of our old age. But alas! for all human calculations—'man appoints, but God disappoints.' Our son left us for a

season, and resorted to a village ten or twelve miles distant, in search of employment. Here, enticed by the liveliness and novelty of the place, he was betrayed into bad company; and before we were aware of it, he had, in his ignorance, become implicated in some movements obnoxious to the "reform" which was then in its progress. I know not to blame the legal proceedings; but in these cases punishment, we know, generally falls heaviest upon those who are the least able to resist it. But, whatever degree of criminality really belonged to our unhappy boy, his more crafty associates, who had been his seducers, contrived to shift the burden of their own crimes upon his shoulders. Yes, so it was," said she, and she wept bitterly; and she then added, "The penalty was—death!—an ignominious death! You, ladies, have all had your afflictions, but *my* son died upon the *gallows*!" Here she ceased, and all were subdued to a reverent silence by her afflictions. "You will forgive me, ladies," said she; "I would not obtrude my sorrows upon you, still less would I assume to reprove. It has been painful to me to speak upon this subject; but, from the turn your conversation had taken, it seemed to me good to speak. Even now I have my consolation. I believe my son to have been innocent. Had he lived, he might not have remained so."

To her greater trials all the ladies assented, and each truly seemed to feel that it had been "a word fitly spoken." As she had related no particulars of time or place, all forbore to question her upon this delicate subject. She wept awhile, and then added, "My spirit again and again rebelled against this stroke; yet time, in a measure, soothed my anguish, and after awhile it was given me to know that if things are not right here, they 'shall be' *hereafter*. I have buried two daughters; but they were reconciled to God, and 'it was as nothing to me.' Two daughters still live. They are well married, and many afflictions have sobered them to divine obedience. My husband, too, has died—quitted a world of suffering, thinking it not good 'to live away.' Years have passed away, and I, too, am wending, contentedly, to 'that bourne from whence no traveler returns.'"

In a few days our voyage was finished, and we separated. The ladies had evinced much sympathy in this unfortunate woman; so that I suppose they may still occasionally recollect her words. For myself, although I had not taken a part in the conversation, or shared in the address, yet, in seasons of affliction, the subject naturally recurs to my mind; and I feel as if I, too, am not entirely excused of all part in this solemn admonition. And sometimes, when oppressed with the burden of my own sorrows, I reflect how much lighter it has been than this poor widow's.

AUGUSTA.

Original.

THE COLPORTEUR.

"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

THE next in religious influence to the public preacher of the Gospel, and to the Sabbath school teacher, I consider the office of the colporteur. Although comparatively little has been said or written about this class of laborers in the Lord's vineyard, yet, in their unlimited itinerancy, are they meekly, quietly, and unostentatiously threading their way through the "waste places" of our land, scattering the good seed in remote settlements, and solitary situations, where neither the preacher or the Sabbath school teacher are yet to be found.

They perseveringly climb the mountains of the north, traverse the broad prairies of the west, and fearlessly descend into the sickly alluvials of our southwestern boundaries, to spread their books, and dispense their spiritual charities. Traveling, as they do, in the two-fold capacity of merchant and missionary, these pioneers of the Gospel find an easier and a nearer access to the homes and the hearts of a greater number and a greater variety of individuals than would the licensed preacher; for, by the more unreserved and familiar introduction of the colporteur, many, who would not be found of the one, are often unconsciously led, by the judicious influence of the other, to read, or to listen to what may prove effectual preaching to their souls, by awakening within them their first spiritual impulses; for although, like the sower in the Gospel, some of the seed may "fall upon stony ground," some "be choked by thorns," and others "devoured by the fowls of the air," yet some there is that falls upon good ground, inaccessible to other husbandmen, bringing forth an abundant harvest, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." And doubtless there are many devoted Christians upon earth, and many rejoicing saints in heaven, who received their first religious light, and their last dying consolation, from these unlearned and unknown colporteurs. And as, after the sower has scattered the seed, there soon springs up "the blade" to testify of his work, so, in some sections of our country, the foot-prints of these men of God have almost been traced from place to place, by the seed sown in the hearts of many, and by the awakening of careless sleepers to spiritual life.

Would these colporteurs but become evangelists, as well as lay preachers, how edifying might their wayfaring, their successes, and even their discouragements, become to many a desponding traveler toward the light of Zion! for the divine moral

painter, like the skillful human artist, sometimes lets light into a dark picture, by *deepening its shades*, and the despairing heart is strengthened and cheered by a grateful sense of its own exemption from the severer trials allotted to others.

Many years since, and before the French cognomen of colporteur was adopted on this side the Atlantic, there went out, from the land of the Puritans, a pious "book pedlar," (as they were then called,) on his first mission of mercy. He had, in early life, and before he had known any thing of religion, been, like the Rev. John Wesley, rescued from the perils of fire. This escape left a lasting impression upon his mind, and was probably the means of his becoming devotedly pious; for he ever after considered himself, in a double sense, as a brand snatched from the burning. Like all sincere Christians, after his conversion he desired to become useful. His condition in life had precluded the opportunity and the leisure for getting much of an education, so that he felt himself unfitted for the ministry. To this he was reconciled; for he aimed not at doing any "great thing;" yet he could not bear "to stand all the day idle." The continual language of his heart was, "Lord make me as one of thy 'hired servants,' that I may be about 'my Master's business.'" And a pious gentleman, who thought him admirably fitted for the purpose, proposed to him the office in which he finally engaged.

As occasional exhortation, with religious instruction and advice, made a part of his duty, he at first shrunk from the undertaking, as distrustful of his ability to fill it. But the gentleman assured him that he "was exactly the person wanted." He told him that a colporteur needed not to be learned or scientific, polished or literary; but that, as *grace* was more especially wanted, he *must be deeply and devotedly pious*. This preparation of the heart was his, and he went forth, resolving, with St. Paul, to be as courteous as was consistent with the truth, "that by all means he might win some."

He carried with him cheap editions of most of the religious publications of that day, as well as the Bible illustrated, but bearing no resemblance to the beautiful Pictorial Bible now in process of publication. He had also prayer-books and Testaments, and an old edition of the Psalter, having an engraved frontispiece, representing David at his harp—in which the painter, forgetting that the "sweet singer of Israel" was an inspired musician, had placed his note-book before him. He also had several different collections of hymns, of not a very high order of poetry, though perhaps the breathings of pious hearts. But it cannot any more be expected that all good Christians will be poets, than that all good poets will be Christians. He had, also, in his collection, Baxter's Saints' Rest,

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Laws' Serious Call, and several works better calculated for comforting the awakened, than for awakening the comfortless. Besides these, he had two other works, with which I was at that time more familiarly acquainted, namely, Noah Webster's Spelling Book, and Æsop's Fables, illustrated by wood cuts, all of which I can now see through the dim distance of long years, and the text of which I could then recite as understandingly *as any parrot*. But I must not forget that he took with him the first book upon which my infant eyes ever opened—the Christian Primer, beginning thus:

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

These, together with a few religious treatises, (for tracts were not then in general circulation,) comprised the whole amount of his wares. How different from the present day, when the press is teeming with religious works, calculated for every condition of life, and adapted to every order of mind, and emanating from men capable of wrestling with and overthrowing the intellectual giants of infidelity, down to such works as the Peep of Day, for infants. How great will be his condemnation who buyeth not the truth in this our day of religious privileges!

Although the wares of our colporteur were few and of simple guise, he carried with him what was far better than the letter, or even the form of religion—a deeply pious heart, upon which had long been engraven the motto of his state, "In God we hope."

His first missionary pilgrimage was commenced in the autumn, and its course lay through the middle and southern states, to the Alabama river. Our country was not then, as now, intersected in every direction by canals and railroads. The Hudson river only was then navigated by steam, and even "the great National Turnpike," over the Alleghanies, undreamed of; so that a few days' travel almost in any direction, would take one into the wilderness. And this journey of his, that in these days of locomotives might be accomplished in a few weeks, took him (with tarrying here and there a day or two) from autumn until spring, when he returned, cheered with the belief that his labors had not been in vain.

He had met with much suffering, sickness, and despondency amongst new emigrants, and he had endeavored to comfort them. He had witnessed much darkness and indifference upon the subject of religion, and had striven to enlighten them. And where there appeared a decided indifference to religious things, he left some suitable book as by *mistake*. Who can tell the amount of good that may have been the result?

There was *one* family of which he spoke with

the deepest interest and emotion. It consisted of a widowed mother, a son, and two daughters, just grown into womanhood. They were natives of one of the middle states; but the father having failed in business at a period when a failure implied something more of inconvenience and self-denial than it now does, had emigrated with his then young family to South Carolina to engage in cotton planting, commencing in a very small way. After a residence of a few years of successful operation, he fell a victim to the fever of the climate, the fate of the larger half of southern emigrants. But the son, now a noble looking young man, of nearly six feet, was (assisted by an overseer) carrying on the business commenced by his father. The widow was a woman of education and talent; but she knew nothing of religion. The daughters were sprightly and attractive, and they all appeared deeply attached to each other. It may be often observed that in families where there are great vicissitudes and little intercourse with the world, the family tie becomes strengthened, and the hearts purified from the dross of selfishness. Thus it was in the present instance, to a degree almost painful. Every impulse seemed a sentiment, and every sentiment an impulse. Their plantation was nearly three miles from a "settlement," and without any near neighbors. When our colporteur arrived there, it was toward evening, and the young folks were all from home; but he was hospitably entertained by the widow, and invited to stay until morning. Soon after supper the son and daughters came in together, a joyous group, and apparently excited by some uncommon occurrence. He soon learned, from their rapid conversation, that they had been to "the settlement," to consult a *strolling fortune-teller* respecting their future destinies. The elder daughter was engaged to marry a young man then absent from the neighborhood. This they kept a secret from the prophetess, and both had presented themselves as candidates for her revealings. The young man told his mother that the old witch had made out the girls' horoscope to be a very laughable one. To his younger sister, he said, she had, like the black sybil of the Empress Josephine, promised a *crown*, but *no* husband; and the other, who was soon to be married, she had doomed to be an *old maid*, at which they all laughed, of course. She further had told them that she saw *two graves*; but that she could not clearly discern who was to fill them. The young man asked her wantonly if either of them was his. After casting her eyes over him she replied, no, that the longest was too short for him. The "old maid" said it could not be for her; for she had a long lease on life before she could fulfill her predicted destiny; and the *queen* said that she was safe until *after her corona-*

tion; and thus they made themselves merry, until the mother reproved them, not for their levity and sinfulness, but for their folly in striving to look into futurity; and then gravely observed to them, with some propriety, that their opinions, their principles, and their actions, would have more influence upon their destiny than all the stars in the astrologer's circle. The subject was now dropped.

How mercifully is it ordained that no human eye can behold—no human hand can "map the mazes of futurity!" How should we shrink from the allotments of a wise Providence, and, in desperation of spirit, cast aside the cup of bitterness which perhaps should contain the only remedy for securing the health of the soul!

The family soon separated for the night. The colporteur retired to his chamber, reflecting upon the human attractions and the spiritual wants of this family, and began to consider what books, amongst his collection, would be the most likely to do them good. But the more he reflected the more fearful he became, that they were beyond all his remedies. He felt that he could of himself do nothing, but interceded to a higher Power for them. He thought that if they were ever adopted into the household of faith, they must be "chosen of the Lord in the furnace of affliction;" and he felt saddened at the thought that perhaps some one member must be snatched away for the saving of the rest. Before he sought his pillow, he prayed to the Lord in their behalf—that hearts so firmly knit together, might long be spared to each other, if consistent with Divine purposes. But he added, "I beseech thee, Lord, although thou shouldst slay them here, to save them eternally."

After breakfast, the next morning, he opened his wares for the inspection of the family, leaving them to their own unbiassed choice. They evidently did not appreciate his collection; but, as if out of courtesy, they selected and purchased each a volume. He remembered that the younger sister took a Psalter; for she observed, at the time, that she wanted to take a pattern of King David's crown, referring to the prediction respecting herself. He felt pained at the lightness of the remark, and said, with something of solemnity, that he had noticed her remark of last evening, and besought God that not only she but each of them might wear a brighter than an earthly crown, even a crown of everlasting glory. The young creature seemed touched by this earnestness, yet could not comprehend how the stranger of a day could feel such an interest for them. She evidently knew nothing of the catholic spirit of religion.

They soon parted; and as our monitor traveled onward, he strove in vain to dismiss them from his thoughts. He was not superstitious; but the prophecy, incongruous as it was, still clung to his

mind, clouding it with anxiety. It was that part of it respecting the "graves," that most struck him. So young, so volatile, thought he, and so forgetful of God; and yet his judgments may be anigh them! At length the words of Hannah More occurred to him, that "she hoped more from extreme volatility in youth than from the slightest approach to insensibility; for," continues she, "it is easier to restrain excess than to quicken inanity." And he cherished the hope that they might yet be sobered and saved, without a household sacrifice. One thing he was resolved upon, that, however he might be obliged to deviate from a direct route in doing it, he would revisit them on his return.

No very striking event occurred in the rest of his journeyings; but after years revealed much good that he had then done.

It was just four months after his first visit that he found himself again at the plantation of Mrs. S. As he approached the house, through a broad avenue of China trees, which, with their pendant branches and deepened foliage, always seem to wear a funereal aspect, he felt, he knew not why, that the death angel had been there since his last visit. Away in the "negro quarters" he saw the passing to and fro of the inmates. But all about the house was silent—no stir of life was visible. The blinds of the verandah, the usual sitting place in a warm climate, were closed. He almost dreaded to give the signal for admittance; but, as he drew nearer, he observed that the door stood slightly ajar. He gave it a gentle push, and it swung open, revealing two females upon a settee in the hall. They were the mother and the elder daughter. Both were dressed in the deepest mourning. For an instant they gazed inquiringly at him, as though they knew him not; and then, as they recognized him, the daughter, the recollection of his last visit rushing upon her, broke into a sort of hysterical sobbing. Their bereavement was told—the younger sister had died—she filled a "grave." He felt his tears falling for her early death, and longed to hear all particulars respecting it, which he soon did from the mother.

It seemed that the young man to whom the elder sister was engaged never returned. A few weeks only after he left them, the sad intelligence came that he and a fellow traveler were drowned in crossing St. Mary's river in a small Indian canoe. This catastrophe, in their sympathy with the betrothed, saddened the whole family. The sisters were very young, and at school, at the time of their father's death; and although so dear a tie as that of parent was broken, to them it had been comparatively a light affliction. But now their characters and their sensibilities were developed, and they seemed to feel what death was for the first time; and their darkened spirits wept, as it were, at his grave,

without a single aspiration for a reunion above. They knew nothing of religion—neither had they any to lead them to the Savior. There never had been regular preaching in the settlement, and this family had not improved the opportunities of hearing which occurred. They were so far above their few neighbors in condition, education, and refinement, that they had held no association with them—a pre-eminence that left them, in this their hour of need, without human sympathy beyond their own household. So that it might literally be said, they were living “alone and without God in the world.”

They now remembered the goodness of the pedlar, and somewhat appreciated the interest he had manifested for them. They sought his books, and seemed to be groping, as it were, in the dark for consolation. The younger sister again opened her Psalter—not this time to “view King David’s crown,” but to strive, may-be, to catch something of his spirit. The very first words that attracted her eye were singularly appropriate. They were these: “It is good to have been afflicted.” She felt that she had known something of the bitterness of affliction, and she now desired to taste its sweets. And, for the first time in her life, she longed to hear about the things that concerned her everlasting peace. But on this subject she met with no sympathy. The mother, with her strong mind, was philosophizing herself into composure. Her heart-stricken sister was indulging in her grief, unwilling to be diverted from it. The brother knew not the language of consolation for an awakened sinner. They could all bear the burdens of life, and struggle with its hardships, for each other; but they were not prepared for death and separation; and they seemed to think that a preparation for it was a sort of inviting its approach. They all rather strove to divert than to encourage the seriousness that had taken hold of the younger sister. But the impression had been of the Lord, and was “like a nail driven in a sure place.” She now, every day, felt more and more the want of religious light and consolation; and she asked her brother one Sabbath morning, at the breakfast-table, if he would drive her into the settlement; “for,” said she, “there may possibly be preaching there, and if so, I must hear it.” It was an undesirable office for the young man; but he could not refuse, and they went in together. She esteemed herself fortunate in finding the little log church open, and with a prayerful and palpitating heart she went boldly in, whilst her brother remained outside, with a mixed feeling of shame and unworthiness. There was a plain, Christian looking old man in the desk, with a dozen or two of coarse, honest faced men, and about as many females, some of whom she felt a sympathy with,

from their earnest looks and fixed attention to the preaching. After singing and prayer, the old man rose up, and looking solemnly over his little congregation, as though he wished it understood that he addressed them all, he gave out his text in a clear and distinct voice: “In the midst of life we are in death;” and when he repeated his text, he prefaced it with—“Do you hear, my brethren? ‘In the midst of life we are in death.’” Our young seeker thought, and she thought truly, that *she* had never heard any thing so impressive. His discourse was not eloquent; but, what is far better, it was sound and practical. He exhorted the young to “seek the Lord while he might be found, and call upon him while he was near;” “for,” said he, “youth is no security against death”—their sun might set in the morning, or at noon-day; and he again admonished them “to be ready.” To the aged he spoke of the folly and ingratitude of which they had already been guilty who were still living at a distance from God, and bade them to draw near unto him, and he would draw near unto them, even at this eleventh hour of their day of probation.

There had been no doctrines discussed in his sermon; and when he closed, our seeker knew not to what sect the preacher belonged; but one thing she knew certain—he had preached the truth, and “it had done her good as doth a medicine;” and she marched straight up to the stand and told him so. She then invited him, before he left the neighborhood, to visit her mother’s house, which he did the very next day, and “reasoned with them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.” Before he left them, he asked permission to pray with them; and O how strangely did the voice of prayer sound in that house! To the mother and elder daughter, who had not as yet caught the spirit of religion, it seemed like a funeral service; but to the younger sister it was soothing and sweet to her soul as the dews of Hermon to the thirsty soil.

Three weeks after this the young sister was seized with a bilious fever, which, from the beginning, she anticipated would end in death. The family were almost beside themselves with apprehension, as her disease, from day to day, seemed to strike deeper and deeper into her life. She was herself calm. She would have chosen to live to see, if possible, her mother, her brother, and sister, converted to God; but she was able to say, “Lord, not my will but thine be done.” On the ninth day from the attack she died, rejoicing in the sustaining grace of her Redeemer. She is now perhaps wearing “a crown.”

The females of the family were under conviction when our colporteur left, but had not yet found consolation through faith. Their hearts had been deeply stricken—the sacrifice had been claimed; and our good friend hoped that, through the

force of human sympathy, spiritual grace might yet reach and pervade their souls.

As he narrated these incidents, with a self-forgetting zeal, he said, "I am but a poor colporteur; yet if only this family, through my means, shall have been aroused, and shall finally go on to accept of a Savior, humble as I am, I shall not have lived in vain, and, for their sakes, shall feel myself abundantly compensated for my long and sore journeyings through the wilderness."

AUGUSTA.



Original.

THE GARDENER.

BY MISS DE FOREST.

I.

"ART thou working in my garden?"
Said my Master unto me,
"And cherishing those seedlings
Which I committed thee?
Those precious, priceless flow'rets,
Bear they witness of thy toil?
Or do they droop, neglected,
Upon the thirsty soil?"

II.

"O, Master, I have labored—
I have wearied—I have wept—
And through the live-long hours
My lonely vigils kept.
I wish to be found faithful—
Unto thy service true;
Yet will my flowers wither
For all that I can do.

III.

"Sometimes one rears in beauty
Its blooming, blushing head;
But ere I triumph o'er it,
Its loveliness hath fled:
Sometimes one grows too wildly,
Or turns perchance awry,
And if I prune or train it,
It seems to droop and die.

IV.

"Close clinging to earth's bosom,
Some sweet exotic lies;
With anxious care I nurse it,
And every petal prize:
But when its buds, fresh bursting,
Give promise of much fruit,
A killing frost destroys them—
I stand in anguish mute.

V.

"Sometimes the fruit abundant
Is scatter'd on the ground;

In haste I go to gather,
And find it all unsound:
I turn away and wonder,
With disappointment sore,
How fruit so ripe and golden
Should rot within the core.

VI.

"I have guarded well thy nurslings—
I've watch'd them day and night,
That change of time or season
Their beauty should not blight:
I've plucked, with care unceasing,
Each hurtful weed away,
And from my purest fountain
Have water'd them each day.

VII.

"My Master, tell me wherefore
I ever thus complain:
O, knowest thou the reason
My labor is in vain?—
Why, though I sow in sorrow,
And water with my tears,
And toil till I am weary,
No living fruit appears?

VIII.

"Far better had I never
Assum'd the gard'ner's place,
If thus upon my labors
No blessing I can trace—
Far better should some other
This honored station fill,
And with a hand more skillful
Fulfill thy righteous will."

IX.

While thus I spoke, lamenting,
With heavy heart and sad,
In tones of loving kindness,
My Master made me glad.
Yet gently did he chide me—
Then bound the heart he broke:
Long, long will I remember
The gracious words he spoke.

X.

"Thou hast not labored vainly,
Nor wearied all for naught:
Some of those palest flow'rets
Shall yet to me be brought.
Thou unbelieving servant,
Hear what thy Master saith—
Thy work were more successful,
Hadst thou a livelier faith.

XI.

"Again, thou shouldst remember
What tools thine hands do use.

Say, gard'ner, dost thou alway
From *my* collection choose?
And is *my* name engraven
Upon each piercing blade?
If so, the plants thou prizest
Would never droop and fade.

XII.

"Perhaps thou prun'st with rashness—
Without the *Spirit's sword*—
Forgetting thy commission
Is in thy *Master's word*:
And when a storm is rising,
Thou prophesiest a calm,
Or 'pliest *untemper'd mortar*,
For *Gilead's healing balm*.

XIII.

"Thou say'st thou daily waterest
From out *thy* purest well:
Mine eye within that fountain
Each scanty drop can tell.
O, seek thou *living waters*
From *my eternal spring*,
And all thy drooping flow'rets
Unto its bosom bring.

XIV.

"Thou tear'st from thy inclosure,
Each noisome, hurtful weed;
But dost thou haste to fill it
With pure and living seed;
If not, with double power
Those weeds to life will spring,
And where the soil is richest,
Will deeply, firmly cling.

XV.

"The fallow ground is broken—
Thou hast manur'd the soil;
And yet, indeed, thou seest
No witness of thy toil!
Thou wond'rest that thy garden
Should yield no perfect fruit;
Alas! didst thou not know it?
A worm is at the root!

XVI.

"Yes, deeply there imbedded,
It works its vicious will;
Yet faint thou not. This demon
Is in my power still:
That *sword* of which I told thee,
Can pierce it through and through—
That *ever-flowing fountain*
Shall hide its stains from view.

XVII.

"Go now into my garden,
Depending upon me,
And know that I am with thee—
Thy sure reward to be.

Go work by my direction,
And as thou dost believe,
And trust, with faith prevailing,
Even so shalt thou receive."



Original.

THE DEAD.

BY MRS. CONNELL.

AYE! they are there in shining ranks—
Bright spirits—many a one,
Mingling their songs of endless thanks
Before the eternal throne.
Year after year, Death's ruthless dart,
In sad succession cast,
Smote some dear idol of my heart,
And laid its glories waste.
Yet, 'mid the darkest storm of grief,
Hope's accents, whispered soft,
"Ye meet again," hath brought relief,
And still'd my spirit oft.
Soothing the thought that we should join
Before the Almighty's throne;
Each broken band anew should twine,
And "know as we are known."
But thus no more—from dreams like this
My wakening soul is freed,
Nor builds one thought of heavenly bliss
Upon so frail a reed.
No! "He that liveth and was dead,"
Claims heart, voice, eye, and ear;
How should I do without my head,
Were all the members there?
Praise, matchless praise, their notes prolong,
In one continuous stream;
Yet dim the harp, and dull the song,
Were *Jesus* not the theme.
I ask no saint amid the choir,
How bright soe'er he be,
To lay aside his golden lyre,
And stoop to succor me.
Lov'd, cherish'd, honored as ye are,
And perfect as your bliss,
Ye have no holiness to spare;
For "*ye were saved by grace*."
And in the strife where life expends
Her latest lingering sands,
"His staff" more prized assistance lends,
Than all your countless bands.
O, might I reach your shining seats,
My eager quest would be,
"Where is the man that bore my griefs—
The Lamb that died for me?"
Low at his feet let me abide,
To pour my grateful song,
Nor spend a thought on aught beside,
While *ages roll along!*"

NOTICES.

SERMONS PREACHED UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. By Robert South, D. D., *Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. A new edition, in four vols., 8vo., including the Posthumous Discourses. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 1844.*—Robert South was an eminent divine of the English Church. He was born in 1633, and took his degrees at Oxford. In early life he wrote poetry. In 1663 he was admitted D. D., and obtained a living in Wales. In 1670 he was installed Canon of Christ Church. In 1678 he was presented to the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire. He had a controversy with Sherlock on the Trinity, and left a large number of Sermons, which have passed through several editions; and, though antique in style, they lose nothing, on the whole, of their deserved popularity. Messrs. Sorin & Ball, who promise, from the conscientious course they are pursuing as publishers, to do good and not evil, have published these Sermons in four octavo volumes of about five hundred pages each, in a style of unsurpassed elegance, and offer to the public, in this splendid form, with an index, &c., for \$7.50, what a few years since cost the purchaser \$20, in a style not to be compared with it.

What greater benefit a business firm could confer upon community than that now bestowed on it by these Christian publishers, we cannot conceive.

Dr. South was one of the most gifted men of his times. And that this is saying much all will understand who are acquainted with his times; for he lived in a golden age, as it relates to Protestant, didactic theology. No productions are more suitable than these to be placed in the hands of Christ's ministers, young or old, who would learn to add force and effect to their pulpit addresses. Not that preachers should set themselves to the servile labor of adopting the precise style of Dr. South, or any other sermonizer; but the mind will, imperceptibly and without design, become more or less imbued by one's reading; and therefore we should be cautious and select in our reading.

These Sermons are amongst the very best in our language. They are remarkable for original thought, conclusive reasoning, forcible diction, and impressive appeal. Mr. Wesley greatly preferred Dr. South to those popular French divines, whose sermons have been so extensively read and admired, in some instances, we venture to say, to the detriment rather than the profiting of the Church. It is a secret that we had thought to carry with us to the grave, (but the occasion provokes its outflow,) that, up to this day, we never had patience to finish the reading of a Frenchman's sermon. Gallic eloquence is too lofty for our nerves. In so saying we are fully aware of what we hazard. But we can read South, and all writers of his genus, from morning till night-fall.

We urge our friends, lay and clerical, to place these four large, elegant octavos, at the very low price of \$7.50, beside Wesley and Watson, in their libraries; for they are worthy.

EXPOSITION OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS; with Extracts from the Exegetical works of the Fathers and Reformers. Translated from the Original German of Dr. Fred. Aug. Gottren Tholuck, Prof. of Theology in the Royal University of Halle, and Corresponding Member of the Asiatic Society of London. By the Rev. Robert Menzies. First American

from the Second Revised Edinburgh Edition. Philadelphia: Sorin & Ball. 1844.—Of all living German writers, we prefer Tholuck. He is, in our estimation, the leader of the evangelical party in Germany, if any single man amongst them may claim that distinction. The first production of his pen that attracted our notice, and gained our admiration, was the "Nature and Moral Influence of Heathenism," which, youthful as he was, evinced careful research, and skillful arrangement. We have often wished that those who think heathenism tolerable, and salvation, without the Bible and the missionary, a thing of not rare occurrence, could read that essay, and look at Paganism as it usually is, and will be. This commentary is philological—that is learnedly critical in its examination of words and phrases. It will be the more interesting to the linguist, and yet others may read it advantageously. There is constant reference to the Fathers and later eminent scholars, and the work may be considered as furnishing a *thesaurus* of opinions and criticisms on the text of this epistle. The comment is itself a fruit of early toil on the part of Professor Tholuck; but it has suffered review, and some emendations from him latterly.

Such expositions as this must be consulted by ministers, who should learn to read other comments than those, so valuable, didactically, to which they have resorted for aid in studying the Bible. Many of our friends would derive great advantage from the perusal of this volume, and more still, to have it at hand for reference in the critical examination of the difficult passages in Romans.

The above Sermons and Exposition are on sale at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

THE MYSTERIES OPENED; or, *Scriptural Views of Preaching and the Sacraments, as Distinguished from Certain Theories, concerning Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence.* By the Rev. John S. Stone, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—This is another remedy for Puseyism. It is antagonist in its argument to the worship of priests, and the divinity of sacraments. Its themes are weighty at all times, but just now especially and solemnly so. We commend it to a wide diffusion and reading, as a volume of great merit, soundly Protestant, and invincibly assailable upon the errors it opposes.

RELIGION IN AMERICA; or, *an Account of the Origin, Progress, Relation to the State, and Present Condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States, with Notices of the Unevangelical Denominations.* By Robert Beard, Author of "L'Union de l'Eglise avec l'Etat dans La Nouvelle Angleterre." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844.—This is in two numbers, octavo, of nearly two hundred pages each, at twenty-five cents per number. It is recommended by Doctors Welch, Cunningham, and Buchanan, the three worthy delegates of the "Free Church of Scotland," whose visit to America has afforded evangelical Christians so much pleasure. But the character of Mr. Beard was an ample recommendation of his book. In connection with the movement now in progress in favor of the severance of Church and State, it is an interesting volume, and will be read with profit. Had we a few moments to spare from pressing engagements, we would say more of it and other volumes before us. But it will sufficiently commend itself to the intelligent reader.

GIBBON'S *ROME*. Harper & Brothers.—Numbers 5, 6, 7, and 8, of this history are received.

NEAL'S *HISTORY OF THE PURITANS*. Harper & Brothers.—Parts 3 and 4 have come to hand—a most valuable record of the progress of religious truth and freedom.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. *Number IV*. Harper & Brothers.

All these works from the press of the Harpers, are on sale, *cheap*, at the Cincinnati Book Concern.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind, for the year 1843.—This exhibit shows that twelve pupils only were admitted during the year, and nine left it, not to return. The number present at the period of rendering the report was fifty-eight. Its pecuniary state is prosperous. It calls for only \$2,500 to sustain the institution during the current year. The Superintendent speaks encouragingly of the progress of the pupils in several branches of school literature, and in vocal and instrumental music.

It is admirable how any one sense may be improved by proper attention, until it almost supplies the loss of another. A genius for eloquence, or for some particular science, belongs to few, but the least gifted of the blind may so far supply the loss of sight, by the perfection of other senses, as to acquire much intellectual culture, and some of the coarser mechanic arts. This is a modern invention. It is one of the improvements which Christian enterprise may claim as its own; for *benevolence* was necessary to prompt to such efforts as should result in a discovery so full of charity. For the benefit of parents we subjoin the terms of admission:

"1. Applications for admission may be addressed to either of the Trustees, or the Superintendent.

"2. Persons applying for admission, should be between the ages of *seven* and *twenty-one* years—free from disease—of sound mind, and of good moral character, of which a certificate from several respectable persons is required. In certain cases, persons over twenty-one are admitted, at the discretion of the Trustees.

"3. The terms, where there is ability to pay, are one hundred dollars, for a term of ten months, payable half yearly, in advance. This covers all expenses, except clothing, physician's bills, and traveling expenses to and from Columbus.

"4. All applicants unable to pay, must bring a certificate of the same from respectable persons. They must come prepared with suitable changes of clothing.

"5. The term commences on the first day of October, and continues until the first day of August. It is particularly desired that pupils commence with the term, and they will return home during the vacation."

ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY: *August, 1843*. By James H. Bacon, Esq.—The theme is the superiority of Christianity to philosophy, and its perfect adaptation to all our wants. It contains many well written paragraphs. We select the following:

"Christianity alone, teaches us to make the love of self the measure of love toward our neighbor—persuades that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and requires that we add to the virtue which seeks always the good, the right, and the true, the benevolence which embraces within the extended arms of its philanthropy, not only kindred, and friends, and countrymen,

but mankind. How pure the delight—how wide spread the peace which the practice of such precepts would bring! Among all the crystal streams of happiness, which our beneficent Creator causes to flow by the side of our pathway of life, there is none of purer waters, or gentler influence—none decked with brighter flowers, not only at its source, but in all the windings of its meandering current—than that which springs from the kind heart as its fountain. For this not only bears blessings on its bosom to all that it meets, but gives joy to the spring from which it proceeds. But philosophy affirms that man is always, and only a creature of selfishness, and his heart incapable of so pure and expanded a sentiment. And is there no friendship, save that of sordid interest? Is there no fellowship of the generous and the good, but that which unites the robber and the assassin? Is there no purity in the depths of a sister's love? Is there nothing sacred in parental affection? Is there no seeking another's good before our own, in that hallowed feeling which gilds the tie that binds two willing hearts, for weal or woe? Is there no abandonment of self, in a mother's heart, when she presses to her bosom—still bleeding with wounds which *he* had given—her wayward, wandering, guilty son, and but strains him in closer embrace the deeper the ignominy which the world pours upon him? Such emotions, are remains of that impress of heaven, once made on the soul, yet uncontaminated by contact with earth, and prove that the heart has the capacity to entertain sentiments of love undefiled by the sordidness of interest—a capacity which Christianity would expand and enlarge, until it can only be filled by a feeling of universal benevolence."

In regard to the closing sentence, we deem that it is the office of Christianity not merely to expand, but first to transform, or, to speak more emphatically, to *re-create*.

THE INTERPRETER.—This is a semi-monthly of sixteen pages octavo, devoted to the English, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. It is published in Charleston, S. C., edited by B. Jenkins, and costs three dollars per annum. Whoever wishes to acquire the above foreign languages, and become familiar with the literature of France, Spain, Italy and Germany, by reading their vernacular, can do it in the following manner: Let them subscribe for this periodical, and study each number fifteen days; and if they can acquire foreign tongues as the "Learned Blacksmith" does, they will come rapidly into possession of four new senses; for some philosophers assure us that "he who acquires a new language has received a new sense."

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. *Boston: Merritt & King*.—The May number of this valuable monthly is just received. It comes, as usual, fraught with matter of intense interest to seekers of holiness. This little work, which, at its first visit, we hailed as the harbinger of good to the Christian public, we now greet with the deep and confiding interest of an old friend. We have read it in its first, second, third, fourth, and fifth volumes, with much profit to ourselves, and can therefore cordially commend it to every Christian family.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, edited by Mrs. Whittlesey and Rev. D. Mead.—This excellent periodical is now in its twelfth volume, and is in no degree diminished either in interest or usefulness by age.